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Storm Clouds on the Jordan

ONCE more the eyes of a baffled and anxious world are focused on the Israeli frontier. True, the pitiful and ill-conceived British scheme to put the clock back in Amman, which precipitated this week's crisis, appears to have been abandoned. Iraqi troops will not enter Jordan, and for the moment at least, the immediate danger of war seems to have receded. But the situation remains explosive. As we write, Syrian armour is moving in towards the Israeli frontier. Tempers in Israel—as Mr. Ian Mikardo explains on another page—are nearing breaking point. It remains to be seen whether Ben-Gurion will decide that Syrian intervention is a threat to his country's security. And if he does, how will Britain respond?

True, the Security Council, which meets this Friday, can be invoked. But could it deal effectively with a conflict which would, in all likelihood, be over in a few days. Moreover, as a signatory to both the Tripartite Declaration and the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, our obligations are already defined. If Israel occupies the triangle west of the Jordan, we are pledged to come to Jordan's aid. But how? So long as the Suez crisis remains unsettled, is the government prepared to commit the Cyprus striking-force to war in Jordan? In any case, would its intervention be decisive? And what other action could we take? British public opinion, moving steadily in Israel's favour, would not tolerate the bombing of Israeli cities or the slow starvation which must inevitably follow economic sanctions against Israel.

The bankruptcy of our policy towards the Arab-Israeli conflict was long concealed by Russia's slowness to exploit the situation and by the myth of British military power. Now the Czech arms deals and the Suez fiasco have revealed our real weakness. By failing to limit the supply of arms, we can no longer enforce, by conventional military sanctions, the position of arbiter which we have formally contracted to accept. But our responsibilities remain. We cannot acquiesce in the extinction of Israel, the one Middle Eastern state to share our values. Equally, we cannot condone the policy of territorial aggression which Israel may be forced to adopt if she is to survive.

For here, surely, is the key to our problem. It is useless to insist that British policy is based on the maintenance of the cease-fire. This is not enough. So long as the Arab states refuse to sign a peace treaty or resettle the refugees, and so long as they pursue their policy of infiltration on the Israeli border, the pressure on the Israeli government to expand eastwards will increase. By occupying the Jordan salient, Israel would secure control of the Jordan waters, remove the military threat to Tel Aviv, and move appreciably nearer to the day when she can be economically viable.

Moreover, the possibility of an Israeli move against Jordan arises not only from internal considerations. The disintegration of Jordan, which the collapse of British power has hastened, would lead to a partition of its territories to the east of the Jordan by Syria and Iraq; and in this case the Israelis would be forced to occupy the west.

It is, therefore, clear that Britain must choose between abandoning Israel entirely, and helping her to achieve security. There is no third choice. It is already obvious that we cannot accept the first. Only the second remains. To realise this we must, first, abandon the hopeless attempt to curry favour with the Arabs, epitomised by Sir Anthony Eden's Guildhall speech. Second, we must challenge Russia to adopt a responsible policy in the Middle East by making her a party to the discussions. Third, we must make it clear to all concerned—including our allies—that we regard a final territorial settlement and the signature of a peace treaty not merely as a remote and pious ideal, but as an urgent and vital British interest. In the past we believed that a just settlement in Palestine and the maintenance of Britain's position in the Middle East were incompatible: we are beginning to realise they are inseparable.

Comments on the Week's News

Bonn Moves Right

Dr. Adenauer's cabinet reshuffle, though it has followed the lines forecast by commentators, embodies two important policy decisions. First, it signifies the abandonment of the 500,000-strong "citizens' army," which, for the past seven years, has been linked with the name of Herr Blank, the retiring minister of defence. Herr Blank has been widely accused of incompetence; in fact, he failed because the type of army he envisaged was both unpopular and, in present circumstances, impracticable. His successor, Herr Strauss, who leads the rightish Bavarian wing of the Christian Democrats, believes in a small, largely professional army, recruited and organised on traditional German militarist lines. Secondly, the changes, as the Social Democrats have been quick to point out, embody a marked shift to the right. The Christian trades union element has been largely eliminated, and Dr. Adenauer now leads what is essentially a businessman's government. For some months it has been obvious that he would be forced to choose, in good time for next year's elections, between the pro-Atlantic wing of his party, represented by Herr Von Brentano, and the left wing, led by Herr Arnold of North-Rhine Westphalia, who advocates an eventual coalition with the Social Democrats. As expected, he has chosen the former; but even now his increasing lassitude, and his obstinate refusal to settle the problem of his own succession, have left many questions unanswered. He has refused to appoint Von Brentano vice-chancellor, leaving the post in the hands of Dr. Blücher, leader of the Free People's Party, which is not expected to survive the elections. Nor has he made any attempt to enlarge the political base of the government, which is now a coalition only in name. As things stand, it looks as if the Christian Democrats will be forced to fight the elections almost without allies, and there will be increasing pressure, in the months to come, for the Chancellor's replacement by a younger man who can re-create the old centre-right grouping which has dominated German politics since the war.

Dead Letter?

The riddle of the Yalta talks is not yet fully solved. One of the missing keys is the contents of the famous letter on Yugoslavia which the Soviet Communist Party circulated for the information of the less reliable of the Communist Parties in the People's Democracies. Until the full text of this letter—which seems to have been originally drafted only for internal consumption in the CPSU—reaches the West, its contents must remain a matter of speculation. But an interesting pointer is a confidential memorandum which the East German Socialist Unity Party (S.E.D.) has addressed to its senior officials. The West German Social Democrats (S.P.D.) claim that a copy of this document has reached them. According to *Ostspiegel*, the weekly press service of the S.P.D., the conclusions of the S.E.D. executive on the Soviet letter were set out in a resolution intended only for senior party officials and the memorandum in question contains this resolution. The memorandum, *Ostspiegel* claims, contains the following passage:

> As before, there are important deviations from Marxist-Leninism in Yugoslavia. As before, what is being built in Yugoslavia is not Socialism. . . . The matter at stake today, however, is not to discuss with Yugoslavia these fundamental questions, but to tear Yugoslavia away from the imperialist bloc. . . . Only when this is done will the moment arrive to thrash out with Yugoslavia the ideological differences and to correct its anti-Leninist deviations.

Ostspiegel further alleges that Peter Florin, who signed the memorandum on behalf of the S.E.D., commented off the record that open discussions with Tito about fundamental things would be possible only when Yugoslavia had no more relations with the West and that meanwhile it was necessary to show "patience, patience and more patience." That these instructions to S.E.D. officials, if genuine, relate to the secret letter is beyond doubt. One cannot yet be equally sure that the S.E.D. has correctly interpreted the current Soviet line—or whether the understandings reached at Yalta went far enough to make the letter by now a dead one.

Butler Resurgens

The customary absence of the leader from the Conservative Party Conference gave Mr. R. A. Butler, as deputy, a chance which he seems to have taken with consummate urbanity. Instead of having to compete with Mr. Harold Macmillan, he was able to patronise him; and he did this so skilfully that by its end the Conference could scarcely escape the impression that, while Macmillan (like Mr. Duncan Sandys and Mr. Iain MacLeod) was a promising young man receiving gracious help in his struggles up Sinai, Butler was established on the summit in hourly contact with the Almighty. It will now be interesting to see how far Mr. Butler can re-create this atmosphere in the House of Commons. During the session which is shortly to end he has been somewhat in eclipse, partly because of ill-health and partly because of the inadequacies of the policies he had sponsored as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But now the memory of his time as Chancellor is beginning to fade. The House is more concerned with the adequacies or inadequacies of his successor; and, in terms of health, Mr. Butler is obviously back to his best form. As Leader of the House without departmental responsibility, he can, if he wishes, hold himself in bland detachment from the mistakes of his colleagues while being equally free to share in their successes. Such niceties of calculation are normal in competitive politics and Mr. Butler is at least normally adept at them. All in all, it seems a reasonable bet that in 12 months' time Mr. Butler's position as number two will be unchallengeable.

The Parties and the Rent Book

On one subject, at least—that of housing—the policy of the two parties is now sharply distinct. Labour got in first at Blackpool with its proposal to take all rent-controlled, tenant-occupied houses into municipal ownership for improvement and repair. Now at Llandudno the government has produced its alternative. In announcing the decision to abolish rent control by stages, Mr. Duncan Sandys has been described as a brave man. The truth is that a revolt by the Conservative Party workers could have been staved off with nothing less. "Operation Rescue," launched with a flourish in 1954, has proved to be what Mr. Bevan described it: "a mouldy old turnip for the landlord". By linking permitted rent increases closely to the amount spent on repairs, it denied the landlord the increased profit for which he was clamouring. As a result, few landlords have bothered to take advantage of it. Both parties agree that something must be done to check the decay of rent-controlled properties and that rents must be increased to meet the cost. The argument is about how to see that the tenant gets value for money. Mr. Sandys proposes to take about half the lettable dwellings in England and Wales out of control as a first stage, starting with owner-occupied houses, rent-restricted houses that fall vacant and an unspecified "slice" of higher-valued tenancies. For the rest of the 10 million houses at present within the range of the Rent Acts, new rent ceilings are to be fixed which should "bear some reasonable relation to current values and maintenance costs." What this exactly means nobody yet knows; but it is clear that rent increases will no longer be linked to the amount spent on repairs: the first consideration is to make housing a profitable investment. Mr. Sandys made much of the fact that rent control encourages under-occupation and rigid tenancies, but municipal ownership would deal with this just as effectively—and without the risk of rack-renting.

British Guiana Again

The suspension of the British Guiana constitution in 1953 did not solve the constitutional crisis; it simply postponed a decision on the colony's political future. It now seems that yet another crisis is brewing out of the latest constitutional proposals of the Colonial Office. Last April the Colonial Secretary announced that progress could be made towards a return to democratic institutions. He proposed a new Legislative Council, consisting of 12 elected members, four officials and not more than eight nominated members. The Executive Council would be composed of four officials, one nominated and five elected members from the Legislative Council. There were immediately protests from all the political parties of British Guiana. As a result the proposals were amended to expand the Legislative Council from 24 to 28 and replace one of the official members in the Executive Council by a second nominated member. These amendments obviously do not meet the objections, for they maintain the same principle of equal numbers between elected and non-elected members on both councils. Since under the last constitution the elected members had a considerable majority in both councils, it is not surprising that these new proposals have raised widespread opposition. It is significant that the opposition now does not come from any single political section. An all-party conference met in July, and was attended, not only by the Jagan and Burnham factions of the Peoples' Progressive Party, but also by the United Democratic Party and, with one exception, every other political organisation in the territory.

Entertainment in the Suburbs

Villages which lie some miles from the nearest railway station and think themselves lucky to be served by buses on three days in the week, not unexpectedly do something about providing their own entertainment. Many of them have built village halls, some entirely by voluntary labour, and these halls are used every evening for dances, badminton, a travelling cinema, Women's Institute lectures, plays or whist drives. But it is surprising to find community entertainment flourishing in the boroughs of London—despite television, local cinemas and the proximity of the

West End. *Civic Entertainment and Its Cost*, a pamphlet published last week by the London Council of Social Service's Standing Committee on the Arts, reveals how much locally sponsored entertainment (sometimes financed out of the permitted 6d. rate and sometimes out of the profits of municipal dances) there is in Leytonstone, Willesden and even centrally placed boroughs like St. Pancras and Fulham. Generally speaking, entertainment sponsored by a council but imported from outside—such as symphony concerts by nationally known orchestras—has not been successful. But performances by a borough's own orchestra, choir or operatic society, and plays put on by local dramatic societies, are more and more popular. So, too, are such annual events as the Willesden Show which, begun in 1946 and including exhibitions ranging from horticulture and poultry to handicraft and painting, is now attended by some 50,000 people a year. Hampstead, alas, despite (or because of) its exceptionally large population of artists and musicians, is almost a Special Area in terms of community entertainment—all its dramatic societies have closed and even the future of the open-air exhibition of painting is in doubt. But the pamphlet effectively dispels the idea that most London boroughs are either dormitories or dead.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Belgrade

The Great Yalta Mystery

Paul Johnson writes: If you want to find out what happened at Yalta, there is little point in going to Belgrade. The Jugoslav capital is crowded with unsatisfied western journalists. Every night, they sit in disconsolate little groups in one or other of the three night-clubs, gazing mournfully at fourth-rate cabaret artistes and swopping hypotheses. The officials you meet at parties—columnists from *Borba* and *Politika*, middle-ranking diplomats, assistant-secretaries of this and that—are in much the same position. True, they seem to have had some sort of official briefing. Over tots of *slivovic* they manage to look wise and sound as though they are dropping hints. But the details? The decisions? They are as much in the dark as we are. (And just as unhappy about it. Nobody is quite so passionately fond of knowing the inside story as the average Jugoslav functionary.) The plain fact is that only about twenty people in Jugoslavia know the truth, and they are simply not talking.

I spoke to one of these privileged gentlemen last week. Mosa Pijade is the elder statesman of Jugoslav Communism. He has the frail, crumpled look of Léon Blum in his last phase, but a great deal goes on behind his liquid Jewish eyes. Indeed, when, somewhat rashly, I asked him to explain why the Jugoslav press had censored its accounts of the Poznan trials, he sat up sharply: the expression on Léon Blum's face when he heard that Guy Mollet had been elected secretary-general of the SFIO could not have been fiercer. An error of judgment, he snapped; but then, as I should know perfectly well, the Jugoslav press was not controlled by the government. As for "liberalisation," of course Jugoslavia was anxious to encourage the satellites to follow her own example. But the question of tempo was important. One could go too slowly; one could also go too fast. "Sudden changes," he said, wagging a bony finger, "can be dangerous." And a return to a multi-party system? No, he said, that was out of the question as far as Jugoslavia was concerned. Other states, of course, could make up their own minds on this point.

But can they? Here, I think, is the crux of the matter. The Jugoslavs like to picture themselves as a benevolent elder brother, to whom satellites come for advice. There is something in this, but it is not the whole truth. They can influence events in Budapest, Warsaw and Prague. But a two-way traffic is springing up; and the Jugoslavs plainly do not like it. Jugoslavia has abandoned central planning, it has ceased to coerce the peasants, it has introduced workers' control in industry, but it is still very much a one-party state. Since the Djilas affair the political screws have been tightened hard. Changes there may be, but they are, most assuredly, changes imposed from above. Hence the Jugoslav leaders are watching the satellites with an apprehension which is becoming more and more difficult to conceal. They are not, of course, worried by all of them. The Rumanians they dismiss as beneath contempt, and they have scarcely more respect for the Bulgarians. Even the Czechs do not count much.

Poland and Hungary, however, are a different matter. Polish journalists and deputies who have visited Jugoslavia recently have been openly critical of much that they have seen. Why, they ask, are there no public debates in the press and the assembly? The Jugoslavs, for their part, are anxious about the forthcoming Polish elections, which they believe, rightly or wrongly, will be genuine. They were shocked, too, by the Poznan riots, and fearful lest something similar might happen at the Zagreb Fair last month. The reporting of the Poznan trials may, as Mr. Pijade said, have been an error of judgment, but it was an error made in the White Palace and not in the offices of *Borba*. They are even more concerned about Hungary, both because it is nearer and because they have a 400,000 Hungarian minority concentrated in an area where collectivisation has been pushed furthest. Of course they welcomed the end of Rakosi and the rehabilitation of Rajk; their press gave the famous funeral the coverage we reserve for Marilyn Monroe. But their enthusiasm is now noticeably waning. The Hungarian economy, they are well aware, is passing through a period of acute crisis. The elements of an explosion are present. The Hungarian Party is demoralised, nervous and uncertain. There is a real chance that the control of events may pass out of its hands.

It is precisely this which President Tito, like Mr. Krushchev, fears most. On this point their interests coincide. They may disagree on the rate at which changes should be introduced and on the form they should take; but they are in firm agreement that the Party, and the Party alone, must make them. The purpose of the Yalta talks, as I see it, was to translate this narrow, but fundamental, agreement into concrete policy. Neither side made major concessions. Tito refused, once more, to join a new Cominform; he preserves his independence as a Marxist thinker and his right to preach the gospel of nonconformity from Belgrade. He will continue to balance between East and West and accept aid from both Washington and Moscow. But he and Mr. Krushchev have made the mutual discovery that they are both, in the last resort, good Party men. Hence, though their policies towards the satellites may continue to vary, and may even, at times, appear to be in conflict, they will, in future, be co-ordinated in advance.

Warsaw

Gomulka's Return

A Special Correspondent writes: A week after the state funeral in Budapest of Lazlo Rajk, another "deviationist"—this time a living one—returns to an honoured position in the Communist world: "Comrade Wieslaw," otherwise Wladyslaw Gomulka, the erstwhile leader of the Polish Communist Party. What sort of man is he, this Polish Tito? At the liberation of Poland in 1945 he was just 40 years. Officially he became Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for the Reclaimed Territories. In fact he was the leading spirit in the government and the party. There were people who said he had somewhat dictatorial tendencies; but it can be argued that the situation at the time demanded authoritarian methods, and his friends claim that he is essentially a modest man. Everybody agrees that he is not a braggart, but that he is a trifle lacking in sense of humour. He makes up for that by having plenty of courage.

Gomulka's rise to power stemmed from his wartime leadership of the Communist resistance inside Poland. Earlier than that, it's true, he was a good party militant, but he lived in the provinces and was little known. The son of a worker in the oil industry in southern Poland, he started work as a plumber at the age of 13 and was at once an active trade unionist. At 21 he joined the Communist Party, which had just been banned by Pilsudski, and plunged himself into the hazardous life of a professional revolutionary. Since then the greater part of his career has been in prison. In 1932 the police broke into a secret party meeting at Lodz. Gomulka received a bad wound in the leg, which has left him lame. It didn't, however, save him from a four-year prison sentence. He was only just out when he was arrested again, in 1937, and sentenced to a further seven years. Ironically, it was this misfortune which gave Gomulka his chance; for the following year Stalin invited the majority of the Polish Communist leaders to Moscow to tell them that the Polish party had been dissolved by the Comintern and, as a corollary, to have them executed.

At the beginning of the occupation, Stalin reversed this decision. The party was reconstituted under the title of the Polish Workers Party; and Gomulka was made chief organiser in southern Poland. His superiors in the party leadership came to grief one after the other. Nowotko, the First Secretary, was assassinated by a right-wing fanatic: his successor, Finder, was arrested by the Gestapo. The party summoned Gomulka to Warsaw and appointed him its chief executive, a post which he continued to hold till 1948. It wasn't an easy job for him. The Communists have never been able to overcome the anti-Russian and anti-Soviet feeling, traditional in Poland. During the occupation, they had to fight on two fronts—against the Germans and against the nationalist resistance which was based on the Polish government in exile in London. Survival in the face of two such formidable enemies was no small achievement: to lead an active political and military life was accounted something of a miracle.

With the liberation, came difficulties of another kind. Gomulka had never got to know the Russians or understand Stalinist methods. Suddenly a group of Polish Communist leaders turned up from Moscow, who had passed the war in the Soviet Union and who had there acquired a profound knowledge of Stalin and his ways. Bierut, Berman, Minc, Zambrowski, Ochab—the majority of the Politburo belonged to this group. Relations between them and Gomulka were inevitably strained in the early days of their partnership.

Only Minc, it seems, impressed Gomulka—and that by reason of his economic expertise. Collaborating in the government at the same time was a group of Socialists—including Josef Cyrankiewicz, the present Prime Minister. An odd sidelight on the relations of these two is that Gomulka was the only witness at Cyrankiewicz's wedding. Gomulka's new friendships, however, didn't fare very well. Minc and Cyrankiewicz were soon among his stringent critics.

What brought Gomulka down? Partly naïveté, partly a failure to understand Stalin and partly a headstrong temperament. Certainly Gomulka was politically naive. He took with the utmost seriousness the theory, fashionable at the time in all the People's Democracies, that the dictatorship of the proletariat was no longer necessary in the new conditions and that each country could find its own way to Socialism. He showed how little he knew of Stalin by believing that the Stalin-Tito dispute was a misunderstanding and that he could help the cause of Communism by offering himself as a mediator. Finally he was so convinced of the correctness of his views that he would listen to no hints and refused point-blank to modify his views like some of his colleagues. The result was that in 1948 he was relieved of his post of Secretary-General and gradually fell into disgrace. A year later, in November, 1949, the Central Committee accused him of every conceivable crime, ranging from his conduct during the occupation to his refusal to make a full auto-criticism and his Titoism. On the edge of the abyss, alone and condemned in advance, Gomulka made a moving and dignified speech before the Central Committee: "I speak today at some length," he said, "because I know that it's the last time I *shall* speak." But he refused to retreat from his position and he was even prepared to counter-attack—"I'll accept no criticism of my conduct during the occupation." It is said that many members of the Central Committee who listened to him that day were moved to tears. But Gomulka was expelled just the same and soon afterwards he was once again in jail.

Has he now forgiven those who broke him? Can he forget the past and turn again to public work as if the last seven years had never existed? The present leadership, which has sent for him because it has need of his prestige, feels sure he will. But Gomulka was always a man of surprises.

Hong Kong

The Riots

Lois Mitchison writes: Most British newspapers have blamed last week's riots in Hongkong on the impulsive hatred for Communist organisations on the part of Hongkong's refugees from China. The Hongkong government itself has talked of the Chinese secret societies using the riots to pay off old scores. Peking radio has blamed everything on "Kuomintang agents" using "gangster elements" as a front. Peking Radio blames everything from crop failure to sudden appendicitis on "Kuomintang agents", but this time it may be right.

The million Hongkong refugees who have left China during the last few years are certainly much more interested in money than in political riots. They came to Hongkong because Canton, over the border in south China, is a poorer town and has even more unemployment. Their relations among the overseas Chinese of South-East Asia and America can remit them money more easily to Hongkong than to China proper. Most of these economic refugees plan to go back to China when they have saved a nest-egg, and if they think about politics at all they prefer a strong and internationally respected Communist government to the previous weak and despised Nationalist government. So do many of the Chinese intellectuals and businessmen in Hongkong who are genuine political refugees from Communism themselves, but still do not want to go to Formosa or see Chiang back on the mainland.

The genuine Nationalist refugees are a small but powerful group, and the British government of Hongkong is frightened of them. British officials told me recently that the Nationalists are organised (sometimes using the secret societies as a front) and paid by Formosa. A Chinese Communist song-and-dance troupe was for a long time refused government permission to perform in Hongkong because Nationalists might riot outside their theatre. Semi-official organisations in Hongkong have been discouraged from sending delegations to Canton and Peking again because of possible trouble with the Nationalists.

Last week's riots may have been the trouble British officials were afraid of. If the riots were organised by Formosa their aim was to provoke Peking by attacks on local Communists into invading Hongkong and triggering off a world war. Only in a world war could Chiang hope for the naval and air support he needs for his attempt to reconquer the mainland. Even if this first aim failed, Peking's reactions to the riots would irritate Britain, and punish her for recognising the Communist government of China.

To the British in Hongkong this Nationalist hope for a Chinese attack on the colony seems very far fetched. British businesses in Hongkong are still building themselves new and expensive skyscraper offices, British families make plans for their houses, their gardens, and their retirement in ten or 20 years' time. But to many Americans this is a ridiculously complacent view. They perfectly understood Miss Susan Hayward's refusal to act a recent film part in Hongkong on the ground that her lawyers had warned her that the colony was not a safe place to bring her children to. The Americans keep an escape ship permanently moored in Hongkong harbour.

In China itself a few weeks ago nobody seemed very much interested in Hongkong. The general line was that of course Hongkong was Chinese territory, it ought to be governed from Peking, its existence as a British colony is a result of the unequal treaties of the 19th century, and it is now a nest of western spies. But China, Chinese officials implied, has far more immediate problems to deal with. There were no Chinese political meetings, banners, or newspaper articles aimed at Hongkong. The future of the colony seemed much less important than the new Chinese policy of more trade with Britain and the West.

Anyway Hongkong is useful to China, although not quite as useful as interested local British businessmen sometimes make out. Chinese spies get a little information about the west from Hongkong but not as much as British and American spies get about China. Some Chinese western trade goes through Hongkong, but not as much as goes directly through Chinese government agencies in Berlin and London. The far-eastern British banks think in their more optimistic moods that some of the banking and insurance that now goes through Hongkong may be passed through their Shanghai branches if the present easier trade conditions continue in China. In pessimistic moods they think that the new foreign branches of the official Bank of China will by-pass both Hongkong and Shanghai.

The Coat-tail Election

"THE backstretch is always the hardest part of the race," said one of Adlai Stevenson's campaign directors. "The candidates are getting tired, the speech-writers are running out of ideas, the party treasury is short of funds for TV and radio time, and the public is losing interest." Last week, certainly, only professional politicians and real enthusiasts followed the election closely. The political machines went through the normal motions, and the newspapers backed them up loyally with careful reports, state by state analyses of opinion, and expert interpretation of polls and portents. But, for most Americans, the focus of attention was the World Series, in which the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers were slugging it out in the most exciting finish for years to the annual baseball championship. In every bar, bus or train, I heard bets laid and paid, but the money was on the Yanks or the Dodgers, not Ike or Adlai.

Both parties at present seem to be expecting a close finish on November 6. Both, moreover, seem anxious at this stage not to minimise the strength of the enemy. And this is partly because they are concerned about different objectives. The Republicans are fairly confident that Ike and Dick will come in first, but they have grave doubts about their ability to elect a Republican Congress. The Democrats, on the other hand, feel sure that they will win a majority in the House, expect to win the Senate and are merely hopeful about their chance of sending Adlai Stevenson to the White House. It is this difference that has shaped the campaign plans of each party. The Republicans want the President to pull in the local Republican candidates on his coat-tails: Stevenson hopes that, as Harry Truman did in 1948, he can slide home on the coat-tails of local Democrats who are good vote-getters.

From the outset, therefore, Stevenson has tried to identify the President with the diehards of the Republican Party, to saddle him with the sins of omission and commission of such men as Senator Dirksen of Illinois, Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and Knowland of California, to suggest that Eisenhower is a nice, well-meaning golfing partner in "a big, well-oiled company controlled by men who, because they run the big corporations, think they ought to run the country." There is undoubtedly a strong trend towards Democrats, but it was Stevenson himself who quipped the other day: "I only hope that I don't get in the way of the rising tide."

This tactic is getting results. In the first place, it has given Stevenson the initiative. He has forced the President off the path of benevolent platitudes—as someone remarked the other day, "Harry Truman 'gave 'em hell' in 1948, and Ike was trying to 'give 'em heaven'"—and made him answer specific charges and reply to specific proposals, such as the suggestion to end the call-up and cancel further nuclear tests. Stevenson has also forced the President out on the stump, not only to show himself to the people in motorcades and mass meetings but also to make additional speeches about the issues rather than about moral virtues and good intentions. Secondly, the President has had to make special efforts for Republican candidates who are in trouble—he even publicly embraced Senator Dirksen, the man who led the Taft forces at the 1952 convention and screamed that Thomas Dewey and his friends twice led the party down to defeat. On both these counts, therefore, Stevenson has made ground at his opponent's expense, and in the process he has come closer to his own party professionals and candidates than he ever was when he ran his personal and rather amateurish campaign in 1952.

Yet if Eisenhower, this time, lacks something of the crusading fervour that marked him out in 1952 as the most successful and least controversial candidate who has ever run for the presidency, Stevenson also has lost something as he has hardened into a seasoned campaigner. The control of his campaign by regular politicians may work to his advantage, but he does not command the pleasure and excitement with which liberals greeted his debut four years ago, and though he is better known, he no longer has the attraction of novelty. He has his devoted admirers, but he seems oddly incapable of projecting warmth, of establishing a personality. The fault, I suspect, lies much more in his delivery and presence than in what he says. Last Thursday, I listened to him give an admirable lecture in California on the need for a better health service in the United States. It was indeed an admirable lecture, full of good material and cogently argued, that would have done credit to a Minister of Health addressing the annual conference of district visitors. But it was not a political speech. "Americans," said a friend who spent several years as a correspondent in London, "want a man to run for president, not privy councillor."

And run for President is what Eisenhower still succeeds in doing. No matter that he delivers his prepared speeches as if they were loaves of words, pre-cut and fortified with molasses in the idea bakeries of Madison Avenue. No matter that his "off-the-cuff" comments come from a compendium compiled by one of his staff, nor that his smiles at applause seem spontaneous only to those who cannot see the cheer-leaders working off-camera. He is still the Presence, endowed with that remarkable but undefinable quality which wins the confidence on which majorities are built. There is an odd comparison here, incidentally, between the President and Senator Kefauver. No men could be more dissimilar. Yet, in some way, the Senator is capable of making people feel good while Stevenson is not. Kefauver may appear clownish to sophisticated observers; his speeches are halting, his public manner that of a political bumpkin. Nonetheless, in the Middle West, in small towns in California, in the mountain states, it will be Kefauver who will bring votes to the Democratic ticket.

On the other hand, Vice-President Nixon lacks something. He has worked hard in this campaign, travelling without respite, trying to build up an image of himself as the heir-apparent of "the New Republicanism"—a political genus of which he and the Under-Secretary of Labour are the only visible representatives. He has done his best to dispel fears that he would make a wild and irresponsible successor to the President if, one day, the President should run upstairs too quickly. But the virtual disappearance of the health issue in this contest has been due much less to Nixon's efforts to prove himself worthy than to the apparent fitness of the President. Nixon has been moderate, but hard-hitting; relaxed but dignified. He has refused to stay in a Florida hotel because it discriminates against Jews and avoided one in Philadelphia because it was a party to a labour dispute. He has pointedly snubbed the ailing Senator McCarthy, and he and his wife split their loyalty between the Yankees and the Dodgers. He has done everything that a well-advised and ambitious politician should do—and yet I have found no one who really likes him, or believes that he would be a worthy President.

The American electoral system being what it is, wise men make no prophecies. When a small shift in the popular vote can produce such exaggerated differences in electoral college totals, the mere prospect of a close race means that the psephologists must be dismissed and the soothsayers called in. But from the pattern of the campaign it is now quite clear what the strategists on each side consider to be the points where the election will be won or lost. The Republicans have written off the south and border, with the exception of Kentucky and Florida. They feel confident about the farm states, with the exception of Iowa and Minnesota. But they are doubtful about Illinois, Michigan, and possibly Ohio; about the mountain states, Washington, Oregon and California; and about Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. It is in these areas that, in the home stretch, the Stevenson attack and the Eisenhower defence will be concentrated; and it is because Stevenson must win in a majority of these marginal areas that the odds are still in favour of the President. Fortunately for Eisenhower, the swing away from the Republicans has not been uniform; it has been highest in precisely those areas where it may matter least—the farm states, where Republican majorities are normally comfortable enough to permit some desertions without disaster, and the south, where Republican votes are normally so light that even a landslide like 1952 only makes a dent in the Democratic facade. For this reason, there is close in-fighting in the few really marginal and decisive states. And the result will depend upon the answer to two questions. Can the President mobilise as much of the "independent" and "stay-at-home" votes as he did in 1952? Or can Stevenson, pulled along by the machine vote and the surge towards strong local Democratic candidates, scrape home in a photo-finish to a relatively low poll?

Washington. NORMAN MACKENZIE

Israel's Crisis

FOR the last few years, and certainly since the Baghdad Pact was signed, Israel has known that all the great powers look upon her as expendable. In order to win Arab friendship, to secure their oil supplies and to keep Communism out of the Middle East, the western powers have been willing to allow the Arab states to cut up Israel's territory and impose a conqueror's peace upon her. (Hence the reference to the 1947 frontiers in Eden's Guildhall speech and Nuri Pasha's reiteration of the same point only last week.) On the other hand, the Baghdad Pact induced the Soviet Union to jump over the crescent line of encircling powers in order to find a friend beyond it. Hence the Russo-Egyptian accord, the sale of Czech arms to Nasser, and the adoption by Russia of a hostile attitude towards Israel.

Israel, in fact, has been the football of the Cold War—the only thing kicked about by both sides at the same time. Equally she has been a scapegoat in the struggle between Egypt and Iraq, in which both contenders stake their claims to Arab leadership by outbidding each other in belligerence towards Israel. It is the latest, British-inspired manœuvre in this struggle, and not a fresh outbreak of Israeli militancy, which has triggered off the current Israel-Jordan crisis.

We have been told that the recent massive retaliatory attacks on Jordan by Israel forces

were the forerunner of an invasion timed at this moment because Egypt is embroiled with the western powers and the Egyptian army has therefore been withdrawn from the Israel border. This thesis won't stand up to examination. If that were the sort of basis on which Ben-Gurion were calculating he would have attacked two months ago, when Egypt was more heavily at odds with Britain and France than she is now, and—more important—before Britain had the forces (and the transport) in Cyprus with which to come to Jordan's aid. If he were set on attack, he would have attacked in August, when he could have overrun the Triangle in a few days, long before the tripartite powers could have assembled any forces ready to move. It is elsewhere that we must seek the key to the present crisis. And we must begin by taking a look at Amman.

The government of Jordan has been trying to stay neutral in the struggle between Egypt-plus-Syria-plus-Saudi Arabia and Iraq-plus-Britain. Now the Jordan government is tottering, and on Sunday they've got to face a general election which will decide which side of the fence Jordan comes down on. In the past that wouldn't have presented any problems. In the days when the Jordan Arab Legion was Glubb-controlled and "politically reliable" (which is the Foreign Office euphemism for "pro-British"), the Legion always rigged elections in favour of the pro-British contestants. But now there is a strong pro-Egypt wing in the Legion. It was therefore necessary to bring in some external force to ensure a new Jordan government which is pro-Iraqi-British and anti-Egyptian—or, if that were not possible in the time, to get the election post-poned. Hence the appeal to Iraq to send an armed force into Jordan.

The Iraqi forces are growing in strength. They are well equipped with British arms paid for by the Americans as offshore purchases. They have British advisers. And Britain has committed herself, under the Baghdad Pact, to reorganise the Iraqi army and build up the Iraqi air force. All this doesn't seriously worry the Israelis, so long as the Iraqi forces stay in their own country. But Israel has always been sensitive about the presence of Iraqi forces on her border. In the Rhodes discussions which led to the post-1948 armistice the Israel government insisted that an armistice agreement with Jordan would become effective only after the last Iraqi soldier had left Jordan. And today the one thing which could induce Israel to attack is the presence of Iraqi forces on her border.

The reason is clear enough. In building up her defences and making her plans for survival, Israel has always budgeted that she has got to measure her strength and potential against only the combined forces of Jordan and Egypt. The rest of the Arab states could be discounted, at least for the purposes of a short war. Lebanon won't fight. Syria's armed forces are Ruritanian. Saudi Arabia and Iraq are a long way away, and their armies, if they came at all, would be a long time getting into action. But of course this balance-sheet is totally upset if the Iraqi army is stationed within tactical range of Jerusalem. An Iraq which has, for military purposes, a common frontier with Israel would be a much heavier debit than an Iraq which is a desert's width away.

This consideration is one of the two factors which have recently hardened Israel's attitude towards her neighbours. The other is the increasing pressure which is being applied to the Israel government by its own people. When I was there in March of this year it was still possible to hear a reasoned discussion between non-militants and militants, between those who wanted to keep the peace at all costs and those who had been forced into the belief that, unless Israel fought quickly, the balance would tilt against her and she would be overwhelmed. But when I was there last month, I could scarcely find any non-militants [illegible]el's defence is not based on its armed [illegible]: it depends also on the ring of over[illegible]s within gunshot of the border. A[illegible]lements aren't defended from attac[illegible]gly avenged when they have been at[illegible]n't be easy to get people to stay in th[illegible] people to open up more of them. [illegible]e that, in present conditions, an unres[illegible]appeasing government of Israel could su[illegible]

The two things which finally kicked the feet from under the non-militants were the Guildhall speech and the exposure of western weakness over the Suez affair. Until then the non-militants could plead that Israel ought to keep the peace and rely for the protection of her frontiers on the Tripartite Declaration. But after the Guildhall speech, the Israelis understood that the only frontiers which Eden would protect were the 1947 frontiers and not the present ones. And after the August-September scramble to Cyprus they understood that, if ever the Arabs invaded, it would take weeks before the western powers could implement their guarantee. Even now the build-up in Cyprus provides no security for Israel. In a year's time it may not be there—or if it's there it may be hypothecated for other purposes.

These, then, are the considerations which push Israel towards war. Happily there are some which push the other way, towards the path of peace. The first of these is the horror of war which is deeply felt in Israel and which goes far to outweigh the tension-induced militancy. The memories and the scars of 1948 are still fresh. Ben-Gurion spoke from the heart, and from a deep understanding of his people, when he said last Monday that he considered war from the human point of view, and thought first of young people killed and their elders bereaved. Secondly, there is the fear that an Israel attack would be countered not by Anglo-American military action, which would probably be too late to be effective, but by Anglo-American economic sanctions, which could go on long after the military action was finished.

For the moment the danger has passed. The Iraqi troops aren't going to Amman, not because they fear attack by the Israelis, but because they fear attack by the pro-Egyptian elements in the Jordan Arab Legion. They daren't risk this final exposure of the myth of Arab unity. All that has been achieved by the blundering machination of the Foreign Office is what they always achieve, i.e., precisely the opposite of what was intended. All they have done is to keep the pro-British Iraqis out of Jordan, and let in the pro-Egyptian Syrians.

For the moment, then, the Israeli guns are silent. My guess is that they will stay silent so long as the Iraqis stay where they are. But not otherwise.

IAN MIKARDO

NEXT WEEK

Scholars Sacred and Profane
by EDMUND WILSON

A 75th Birthday Card to Picasso
from VICKY

London Diary

To divide people into Civilisers and Primitives is better than into Tories, Liberals and Socialists. The Civilisers try, however inadequately, to apply reason and imagination to public affairs, the Primitives think with their bowels, remaining convinced of traditional truths without bothering about evidence. Few of us of course are consistently and wholly one or the other. Of recent years the Civilisers seem to have made real progress in the Tory Party, and Conservative conferences have become less like demonstrations and more like conferences. The old mixture of pontifical assertion and uncritical panegyric from the floor has been leavened by a measure of give and take. Judging by two episodes at this year's conference at Llandudno, the Civilisers have had a setback. The conference (against the chairman's intention) began by demanding that Mr. William Yates, the rebellious member for the Wrekin Division of Shropshire, should be given a chance to put his views on Suez. But the draught of democracy proved too heady. The conference found Mr. Yates's informed views unpalatable, and, quite naturally, voiced its disapproval. But the disapproval became so overwhelming that Mr. Yates was finally denied a hearing. When the subject of hanging came up the Primitives had it all their own way from the beginning; they howled the Abolitionists into inaudibility. Many Tories in conference were sure to say they'd be hanged rather than weigh evidence about hanging, but it is disappointing that the Primitives should still be strong enough to deny the right of a colleague to voice a civilised opinion.

* * *

A. P. Wadsworth retires from the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian* when all the world is talking of his paper, the Civilisers praising and the Primitives cursing—which is as it should be. That he should have to do so for reasons of illness is a sad business. Some of us have known for months past that he was directing policy of his paper from his bedroom, and admired its vigour and independence all the more. Having known him for more than a quarter of a century —I was his colleague in the last days of C. P. Scott, when he was the best ever Labour correspondent—I have not been surprised at the quality he has shown as editor. Soon after the war, we paid a visit to Germany together, differing, as Carlyle said about his friend Sterling, not at all except in opinion. Never has the *Manchester Guardian* been better than since the beginning of the Suez crisis. It has had the courage to say frankly what all the papers knew to be true—that Sir Anthony's warlike gestures were leading to a war which would not be stopped unless politicians and journalists told the truth. I am glad to note that Wadsworth will continue to advise about policy. That his paper will not pull its punches in the future seems to be guaranteed by the news that his successor is Alistair Hetherington—known in Fleet Street to have shared in policy-making and to have been responsible for some of the more outspoken of the remarkable series of Middle Eastern articles.

* * *

New thinking in the Labour Party is becoming adventurous. *Socialist Commentary* is worth reading, even when you disagree with it, but I was especially interested in the October issue, which carries a remarkably frank article on the block vote. Pointing out that at the Labour Party conference in 1955 the trade unions held 5½ million votes out of 6¾ million, of which the transport workers alone cast one million votes ("almost as

much as all the constituency parties put together") the author, Martin Harrison, comments: "small wonder that the constituencies have felt swamped." Not only do the big unions hold the dominating vote, but they cast it "en bloc," thus ignoring minority views. Yet, if all the minority views in the trade unions were reflected in conference, they might, together with the constituency votes, form a majority. The block vote, in other words, multiplies the margin of error. And some of the smaller unions also feel swamped, as the article frankly admits. What is to be done about it? I am delighted that such a champion of Labour orthodoxy as *Socialist Commentary* now admits there is a problem here, even though the only remedy suggested is that union leaders should show "tact and restraint" in wielding the big stick. But is it enough to abandon the cult of personality on the Arthur Deakin model? As Barbara Castle pointed out last week, the new mood of unity shown at Blackpool sprang, paradoxically, from the breaking up of the monolithic front of the big unions. So far, excellent. De-Arthurisation is as healthy as de-Stalinisation. But ought not safeguards to be written into the constitution in both cases?

* * *

The traffic clutter in the Strand, where it narrows near Charing Cross, had long been absurd, and only a gross sentimentalist would complain about the demolition (to start, they tell me on January 10) of the hugger-mugger on the southern side. When I find myself regretting the disappearance of the familiar little shop with the tropical butterflies in the window, I recall how once, in a rash moment, I told C. P. Scott that Manchester was hideously ugly. He looked at me out of his one good eye (which was both stern and sentimental) and said: "But I *love* it." I must be sensible. I didn't love the smelly butcher's shop that was on the east side of Buckingham Street, nor the second-hand clothes shop that offered you "misfit clothing," nor am I at all sentimental about the embossed Kodak advertisement which invited you (it must have been many years ago) to a free lesson in the art of film development, "no stuffy darkroom or messy processes necessary—it takes only a few minutes—no charge—no one asked to purchase." The regrettable losses are the friendly Charing Cross Village shop, where I've bought so many groceries, the happy little chemist's on the corner and the Watergate Theatre, now transferred to august premises at the Comedy Theatre where I hope it will successfully cock a snook at the Lord Chamberlain. As for the rest I had no personal interest in the pawnbroker's nor in the odd little shop that surprisingly survived the blitz and still stands, amid a fine outcrop of bracken and willow-herb, supplying London's hobos with coloured postcards of Westminster Abbey, the Queen, her family and dogs, and other objects of tourist interest. It seems a waste that the Tivoli theatre should be pulled down, but that is nothing to do with the street widening, and I shan't shed tears for the cross outside Charing Cross Station. Most of the little shopkeepers seem to have been well compensated and I suppose that it was inevitable sooner or later that the Strand should become like so many other big streets in so many big towns of Europe and America which are fronted with indistinguishable, rectangular, concrete blocks of shops and offices, let at immensely profitable rent.

* * *

What does matter is that behind these imposing, featureless facades, Londoners should have the sense to preserve quiet pieces of individual, historic London. One of the worst crimes of the Thirties was the pulling down of Adelphi Ter-

Your Friends Abroad

These words are for our friends abroad, primarily, but will apply also to home readers of this journal. As we write them Christmas seems, and is, quite a way off, but by the time this copy has reached the more distant countries and the reader's response has got back to London, Christmas will be near, if not here.

So we set out once again our Christmas Gift Offer which enables present readers to give a six months' NEW STATESMAN AND NATION subscription to a friend at the cost of only TEN SHILLINGS instead of the usual 22*s.* 6*d.*

By now this offer of ours has become a hardy annual, but one year, when we dropped it, many readers wrote in almost complaining and saying that they looked forward each year to this offer which was so useful a way of giving a little present to friends abroad, and at home, whilst at the same time helping us to find new readers.

This is the one stipulation we have to make—confine your gifts, please, to friends who are not, so far as you know, already buying this journal.

Your careful selection of the new readers makes the offer as worth while to us as it is, we hope, useful to you. Thanks for your past and present co-operation.

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race and the substitution of what must be one of the ugliest buildings in the world. Old inhabitants of the Charing Cross village still tell stories of Shaw and Barry and other odd theatrical characters who lived there. Several streets and terraces of Adam's London still remain, and there is no good reason why Londoners should allow a scrap more of them to be sacrificed. It might even be worth while behind the new Strand frontage to preserve that curious group of street names that recall that great houses once stood behind Charing Cross and the Embankment. They made up a now almost forgotten title: "George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham." George Court still exists, but looks in danger of being swept away. Villiers Street will presumably survive. Duke Street (there were already too many Duke Streets) is now part of John Adam Street. Of Alley (now ludicrously rechristened York Place) is one of the least salubrious of footways; it is clearly doomed, but its odd name could be preserved. As for the lower end of Buckingham Street, which runs down to the Watergate by the dwelling place of Pepys, I hope that nothing will be done to impair its distinctive character. *The expensive, monstrous, concrete rectangles are unavoidable, but it's our own fault if we do not retain peaceful cul-de-sacs and quiet enclaves where London's history can be remembered and its Georgian beauty preserved.*

* * *

China, now Communist and therefore trying to be scientific, is developing an encouraging interest in birth-control. The defeat of superstition is obviously a tough job. Great interest has been aroused in Chekiang province by the statement of a "traditional doctor" that eating a live tadpole is the one "safe and reliable" method by which women may avoid conception and that it is "without any reaction." It seems that large numbers of women believe this advice and act upon it. Other statements by less traditional doctors throw doubts upon the claim that "swallowing tadpoles to prevent conception has been experimented with by more than 110 persons and has been proved efficacious in more than ninety-five cases and only a few persons bore children in five years." Newspaper reports suggest that the traditional doctor now admits that the experiments were not wholly scientific.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A £300-a-week show job was offered to the missing vicar yesterday by Mr. Bernard Woolley, the Bolton, Lancs, showman.

"If he agrees, he will be presented in a tastefully furnished drawing-room scene, and the public will pay 1s to walk round and see him," said Mr. Woolley.—*Daily Express.* (P. F. Twine.)

As one who has been employed by an Egyptian Government and who has actually swum the Suez Canal, I should like to set down some points which need to be kept clear.—Letter in *Catholic Herald.* (A. Joyce.)

Lord President Clyde declared in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, yesterday that atheism and a child's welfare were almost necessarily mutually exclusive, "according at least to our standards of civilised society."—*Manchester Guardian.* (Peter Stephens.)

Legal advice is being sought by Dronfield (Derbyshire) U.D.C. because, it is claimed, workmen monopolise the swings and slides in children's playgrounds during lunch time.—*News Chronicle.* **(S. Hawkins.)**

Much Ado About Nutting

Breathes there a man so dumb and dim
That it has not occurred to him
When a mass suicide is planned
This is my own, my native land?

Such thoughts today come to my mind
When, on returning home, I find
A gink called Captain Waterhouse
Leading me to the slaughter house.

The Tory conference, of course, meant
His policy obtained endorsement—
For decontrol the cheers were rousing,
(In housing and in Waterhousing).

They nothing honest did or clean
Upon that miserable scene;
Their case—*sub judice*—they treated
As *casus belli,* if defeated,

And then explained, in helpless spite,
They were not spoiling for a fight
Except with the United States,
Gaitskell and Nye and William Yates....

Who is that creature, quoting gaily
From dead, discredited Disraeli?
What jaded platitude is strutting?
Nothing? Oh yes—of course—it's Nutting.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Bourguiba's Tunisia

REVOLUTION in Algeria; revolution, too, in Tunisia and Morocco. The whole of French North Africa has undergone a fantastic change in the last four years. But in each of the three countries, the nature and tempo of the revolution are determined by the country's social structure, by economic conditions and, at least partly, by each nation's particular temperament.

The Tunisian is, above all, a "possibilist." Tunisia, with its 3.8 million people, is a small country and if the north is rich, the south and centre are miserably poor. Not only out of self-interest, but temperamentally, too, Tunisia is the least anti-French of the three countries. It has, for one thing, a much larger French-trained élite and intelligentsia than the other two; it is not carried away by pan-Arab slogans, and many of its leaders are highly critical of Cairo.

"Naturally we have a sentimental attachment to Egypt," Mahmoud Ben Ezzedine, a leader of the U.G.T.T., the Tunisian trade union federation, told me, "but we don't believe in Nasser's shock tactics. . . . Nor are we at all impressed by the record of the independent Arab states. . . . Their people are as badly off as ever; and they try to make up for it by a lot of flag-waving and by spending most of their revenue on their armies."

Not that flag-waving doesn't exist in Tunisia. There's a good deal of it, but it is not done in any fanatical spirit. It gives people a kick to feel that Tunisia is independent. Perhaps it is a little childish, but it is satisfactory, all the same, to change the name of the Avenue Jules Ferry to Avenue Habib Bourguiba, and to insist on having bilingual street signs, road signs and number plates. But these changes are just monuments to the "national" revolution, to the battle for independence. What is more important is the present task of turning Tunisia into what Habib Bourguiba has called "a model modern Arab state"—which, with its social justice, would be a shining example to the rest of the Arab world.

Things had, of course, greatly changed since I was here last in 1952, in the days of M. de Hauteclocque—"Jean le Terrible," they used to call him. The M. de Hauteclocque who sacked and deported the Chenik government, who bullied the Bey, who arrested and exiled Bourguiba to the Ile de la Galite, ordered the *ratissage* of the Cap Bon area by the Foreign Legion, and put about 10,000 people in jails and concentration camps. "Hauteclocque ought to have a statue erected in the centre of Tunis," a Tunisian friend told me. "We were the most patient people in the world, but he really shook us up."

It was satisfactory, too, for the Tunisian trade union federation, the U.G.T.T., to move its headquarters from the shabby little house with its creaking wooden stairs in the heart of the Medina, to the big building of the French Central Police Station, where the French *policiers* had "given the works" to hundreds of Tunisians back in '52, '53 and '54—till the day when Mendès-France flew to Tunisia and put an end to the terrorism and counter-terrorism by granting her the long-promised internal autonomy. But in Tunis today, even this seemed ancient history. The internal autonomy phase had lasted about 18 months; after Morocco had become independent, Tunisia became independent, too. The internal autonomy era had not been a happy one; Bourguiba was meeting with growing opposition from the followers of Salah Ben Yussef, who were clamouring for full independence; it was not till independence was proclaimed last March that Bourguiba became the undisputed chief, with Ben Yussef now a Nasser-patronised refugee in Cairo.

Bourguiba is not, as Ben Yussef says, a French stooge or a traitor. But he does not want to upset too many apple-carts all at once. He believes that "gradualness" has paid Tunisia handsome dividends. Talking to me, he deplored the "impulsiveness" and the fanaticism of certain Algerian rebel leaders, and argued that they should, like Tunisia, accept the principle of gradualness. "*Il faut qu'ils procèdent par étapes.*" These *étapes,* as the example of Tunisia showed, tend to succeed each other very rapidly. One day when I was in Tunis, Bourguiba went on a pilgrimage to the Island of la Galite, where he had been interned in 1952-53. On landing on the island, he wept, and recalled how, in those days, the islanders sadly mocked him when he said the French would soon accept him as the leader of Tunisia.

It was strange to be received by Bourguiba at the Dar el Bey palace, in the very office in which, four years before, I had seen M. Baccouche, the puppet premier. Bourguiba did not deny the difficulties he was up against. Economic conditions in Tunisia were desperately hard, he said. He had had to appeal to the U.S., which would shortly deliver wheat for the relief of the starving multitudes of the centre and south. It did not matter much about the "colonialist" capital being repatriated to France; but Tunisia needed foreign investments, and needed them very badly. What France was able to lend was small stuff, and the French were always trying to attach political strings to every penny. But worst of all was the perpetuation of the war in Algeria. It was having a disastrous effect in Tunisia. There were 40,000 French troops in Tunisia still, and the French D.S.T. police were still active, arresting people, especially Algerians; for there were 250,000 Algerian refugees in Tunisia. It was monstrous, because Tunisia was not at war with Algeria.

And he said he would gladly mediate in any settlement between the French and the Algerian nationalists. As it was, he was doing his best to

the things they say!

Glad I don't work for a big outfit!

Oh! Why not?

Well, you never see the boss, let alone get the chance of talking to him. Fact is, in a big factory like this you must be just a number without a name.

Bit out-of-date aren't you? In these I.C.I. factories there's plenty of chances for a man to make himself heard. He can see his foreman or manager at *any* time, and he can call on his shop steward or his works councillor if he wants help to put his case. Through them he can make his views heard right at the top.

Maybe, but there can't be much of a matey spirit — I.C.I.'s just too big for that.

Don't you believe it! I.C.I. provides playing fields, recreation rooms and clubs where all the chaps can get together. You should get yourself invited to an I.C.I. club some night — you'd see what I mean!

Maybe I will. But don't tell me that when I.C.I. provides all this it isn't guided by self-interest.

Of course it is. The Company wants to see the team spirit in all its works, for it knows that a happy team produces the best results.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

"bring the two viewpoints closer together." On both sides, there were extremists; but on both sides, there were also some reasonable people—Ferhat Abbas and perhaps even Ben Bella. And Bourguiba concluded:

> Only with three sovereign Arab states in North Africa can the French hope to live in peace and co-exist and co-operate. There are immense possibilities for a development of North Africa and the Sahara with the help of French capital and French brains. The French need not be afraid of being thrown out of Algeria; no one has been thrown out of Tunisia. But so long as the war in Algeria goes on, nothing can be done, and Tunisia and Morocco are bound to go more and more anti-French.

Despite all this, progress is being made towards Bourguiba's "model Arab state." A most striking reform passed only a few weeks ago is the prohibition of polygamy—a ban which is considered as the essential first step towards the emancipation of women. And emancipation is the key to the population problem. This and other "family code" measures were meeting with some opposition from the "old turbans," I found; for Tunisia is still a strange mixture of young and old. I remember spending one evening with a French-trained Tunisian doctor and his family on their estate outside Tunis. The younger people were all Bourguiba enthusiasts; so was the doctor himself; his wife was interested in Russia; while the 85-year-old father (who spoke only Arabic and in whose presence his 50-year-old son—the doctor—was not allowed to smoke) was visibly scandalised by Bourguiba's "new-fangled" ways.

Although Bourguiba is immensely popular, numerous younger members of the Neo-Destour and particularly the leaders of the Trade Union Federation—now numbering 200,000 members—are showing signs of impatience. Ahmed Ben Salah, the trade union leader, has been openly advocating "every form of aid" to the Algerian nationalists, including arms and men. The trade unionists—who are doing an immense amount of educational, or rather "enlightenment," work among the Tunisian masses—reflect the impatience of these. They have criticised the government's uniform cuts in officials' salaries, and are advocating instead a far-reaching fiscal reform, under which the wealthy Tunisian, French and Jewish bourgeoisie, especially of Tunis, would pay on their real incomes. They consider that the principle under which the allowance to the Bey was cut down from £35,000 a month to £8,000 should be more generally applied. And there are 400,000 unemployed in Tunisia, and the U.G.T.T. are clamouring for drastic remedies and large-scale foreign investments (though not on a "colonialist" basis but preferably a U.N. "Tunisian Fund" on the lines of the Libya Fund) and industrialisation, and a revision of the trade conventions in France which are still in force and which, it is claimed, interfere with the development of local industries and the investment of Swiss, German and American capital. But, above all, there is the war in Algeria next door; and while this goes on, they say, nothing "serious" can be achieved in Tunisia.

Despite all this, Tunisia is a more united country than any other in North Africa. It has a strong (but quiet) national consciousness; a leader who is a political thinker, with nothing of the dilettante; and a national temperament that is less violent and more civilised than that of Algeria or Morocco. It is a country rich in ability, in a genuine desire for progress, and looking west rather than east for its political and social ideas.

East and West mix here better than anywhere else. The beautiful pottery they make at Nabeul in the Cap Bon area is of two kinds—the heavier pieces are all bright reds, blues and greens, and very oriental in design; the more delicate pieces are covered with black-and-white designs of deer and horses which are in the purest Greek tradition. Quite a symbol! And round the corner from the shop where they sell these lovely things the old men wearing their *chechias* and their long robes sit around in their Moorish café as they did a hundred years ago, sipping mint tea, and reading the Arab paper, and discussing the price of oranges. On the wall are pictures of Bourguiba and of Ferhat Hached, who was murdered by the "Red Hand." A few hundred yards away, on the beach, Europeans and emancipated Tunisians are dancing to jazz records; and hundreds are splashing in the blue waters of the Gulf of Hammamet. On the horizon is the dim outline of an island—Pantellaria. Italy is not far away. And as somebody was telling me in the office of *Action*, the Neo-Destour weekly, a day or two before: "If they've managed the land reform in Sicily, why shouldn't we try the same in *our* south?" Land of hope—but too little money. "But it's not our fault," they say, "if we've remained an underdeveloped country. The West should now pay the bills for its past colonialism."

ALEXANDER WERTH

Atomic Switch-on

THE barber, as he ran his atom-powered electric clippers over my scalp, said "Well, we don't need to worry about Nasser and Arab oil now we have got Calder Hall and atomic energy." Maybe, in Cumberland, their local pride, being at the centre of the world's first full-scale adventure into the peaceful uses of atomic energy, entitles them to feel that way. But there is a real danger that the publicity which has, quite properly, accompanied the Queen's switching of atomic power into the national grid, will create a wider self-deception—that atomic energy is the glib answer to this country's power-shortage.

The facts of Britain's chronic power crisis are quite simple. To get food for half our population and the raw materials for our industries we have to export consumer and producer goods. Those products depend on power, and predominantly on electricity. Our estimated needs ten years from now will be a minimum of 300 million tons of coal, or "coal-equivalent." Of that, no matter how much the National Coal Board spends on opening new pits or mechanising existing ones or how hard the miners work, the coal industry cannot hope to produce more than 240 million tons—leaving a gap of 60 millions. By 1980 that gap will have become 200 millions.

By 1965, according to the government White Paper of February, 1955, which envisaged spending £300 millions on C.E.A. atomic generating stations, the best that atomic power could do would be to provide five million tons of "coal-equivalent." Allowing for known improvements, for the South of Scotland Electricity Board station and a projected station for the north of Ireland; for Calder Hall's twin, Station B, and the four reactors being built at Chapel Cross, in Dumfriesshire, the best we can hope for (at the moment) is about a fifth of the power we need to fill the "gap." To supply the rest, we shall have to import more coal and oil.

The truth is Calder Hall produces electricity merely as a by-product; its main purpose is to produce military-plutonium. Its stated electrical output is 90,000 kW., of which only a part will be fed directly into the grid; the rest will cross the Calder River to supply the avid electrical needs of the Windscale Plant. That is from two reactors, the cooling of which provides the transferred heat which drives the turbo-generators, to make electricity. The same applies to the two further reactors—Calder Hall B—going up alongside and to the four to be constructed at Chapel Cross. They are all paramilitary, producing bomb-charge plutonium.

That is not true of the C.E.A. stations. Their primary product is electricity; and, thanks to the proficiency of British civil engineering, the output will be about three times that of Calder Hall, at a price per unit at least comparable with that of coal-generated power. There is no doubt that we have thus stolen a march on the other atomic powers. The reactors are all natural uranium, that is to say, using uranium, as found in nature, of which only one atom in 140 is fissionable. Graphite is used as the "moderator," which makes the spontaneously splitting 1-in-140 atoms split other, inert, atoms and plutonium, a fission-element is produced. This you can use as atom-bombs or as the detonator for hydrogen bombs or you can use it as "enriched" fuel for other types of peaceful reactors.

Because of the amount of natural uranium and graphite which has to be disposed in the Calder Hall type, the reactor and its massive concrete shield weighs 22,000 tons. It contains 58,000 graphite blocks, machined to a tolerance of 0.002 of an inch. There are 1,700 channels and 45 miles of steel tubing. A station of this kind has therefore to be massive and to have a big output to justify the capital cost. Moreover it works continuously, night and day, and must be used as a "base-load" station and not as an auxiliary to meet "peak-loads." To be of any use, therefore, it must be part of a grid system, which already assumes an advanced stage of industrial development. So any export orders we are likely to get (and Japan is already wanting this British type) will be from advanced countries. The export cost would be about £10 million per station.

But what under-developed countries need are types to supply "industrial oases"—reactors which can be set down in remote parts to exploit natural resources at present undeveloped because they are so far from ground communications. For example, there are areas of the Canadian Arctic and sub-Arctic, accessible only by air-transport, which possess a wealth of atomic age fuels and minerals which, if power existed, could be mined and refined and flown out in small bulk. (This already happens at Uranium City, in Saskatchewan.) Given "packaged reactors," with an output of, say, 20,000 to 60,000 kW., mining and refinery communities could be established. The components of the reactor and power-station could be flown in by large transport planes, as has been done with the radar-stations which have ringed the High Arctic as DEW (Delayed Early Warning) Line. Once established, the fuel replenishment is negligible and, independent of rail, road or pipeline, could be flown, in limited quantities at long intervals. That would apply to many regions in Asia, Australia, South America and Africa.

Such "packaged reactors," however, will have to be "enriched fuel reactors," using fission-elements such as U.233 (converted thorium); U.235 (that 1-in-140 atom separated from the rest of the natural uranium) or plutonium. Those make possible much less massive constructions, with the active core no bigger than a dust-bin, and more intense chain-reactions, giving greater heat for less bulk. (A pound of fission-fuel—no bigger than a match-box because of its density—will release as much energy as 1,300 tons of coal.) With restricted kW. output, the turbo-generating plant is correspondingly reduced and the whole plant becomes transportable.

MINDING THE TRAFFIC

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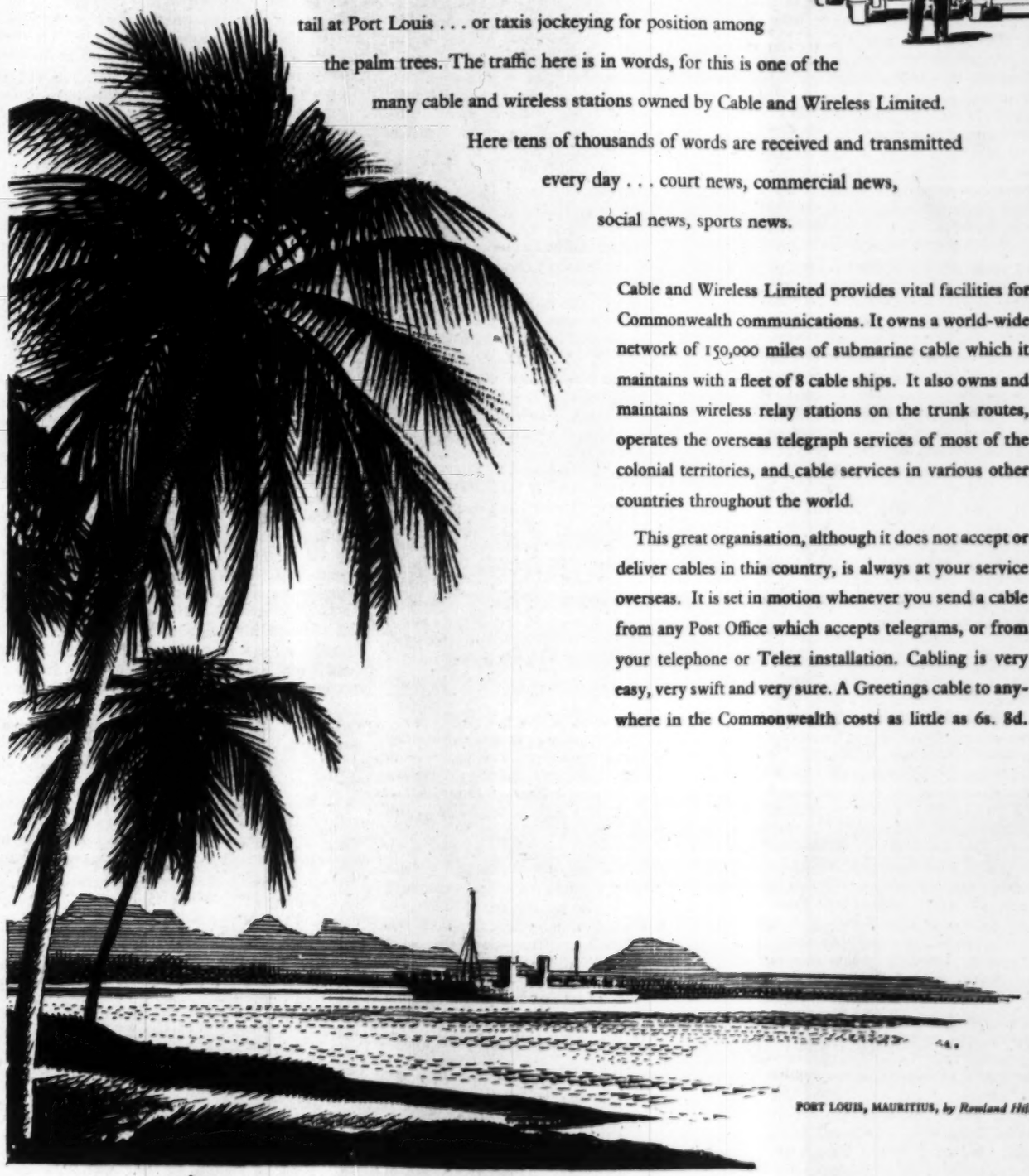

PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS, *by Rowland Hilder, R.I.*

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CWS-265

Britain is not in the market with "packaged reactors"—and is not likely to be as long as the military insist on more and more fission-elements for A-bomb, H-bomb and atomic missile stockpiling. Unlike the Americans, who are so stockpiled that Eisenhower can offer 200 tons of U.235 for overseas peaceful uses, Britain, under the present military programme, will have none to spare for many years.

Apart from the export of atomic-reactors, it is obvious that Britain's present programme—despite Calder Hall and the prowess of our engineers—is inadequate for our needs. It will not close the gap within the next ten years. We should have to multiply the stations five times. Could it be done? Some authorities say "No" but there are eminent engineers who say "Yes." There are bottle-necks: graphite is one, but a graphite refinery is on order for the Tyne. Steel-plate is another and serious one. Turbine and generating plant manufacturing capacity is another, but that could be met by transferring the equipment for conventional (oil and coal) stations now on order to atomic ones. Trained man-power is another, but the tendering combines think their cadres will make expansion possible. Finally, there is local resistance which would make siting a matter of dispute. Such fears are misplaced. A natural uranium reactor cannot explode. As it heats up, it stabilises short of a burn-out or burst-up—and risks of radiation or radioactivity from local plants are nil. The problem of disposal of radioactive waste, given the safeguards already firmly imposed, would not be a menace even on the scale of an expanded programme.

RITCHIE CALDER

Fleet Street Notebook

THE struggle for circulation—to get it and to hold it—is now on. With larger papers already and still larger ones coming in the new year when newsprint rationing will almost certainly come to an end, the big battalions of Fleet Street are moving into position. The war is likely to be fought on several fronts—including the labour front. The newspaper industry is a higher-cost industry in which rates have tended to be fixed—very naturally so far as the unions are concerned—on the ability to pay of the most prosperous. Now those middle-circulation newspapers which are already finding it difficult to bridge the gap between rising costs and stationary, or in some cases shrinking, revenue, are watching with considerable anxiety a stepping up of the engagement of skilled process workers and others by several of the larger-circulation newspapers.

This presumably indicates that plans to produce bigger papers, with many more pictures and a good deal more fancy display, are well advanced. Since the supply of skilled men is short and those who can afford it are paying high rates to get them, the outlook is gloomy for the less well-provided newspapers—although bright for key workers. We may indeed before long reach a position in which those daily newspapers which have to resign themselves to a circulation below 2,000,000 may well have to do some pretty drastic thinking about their production costs and the level of sophisticated typographical display they can afford. And perhaps also about the number of editions they can produce. It is even possible that problems of newspaper economy may force them to step outside the present rat-race for ever bigger and brighter papers and deliberately turn to producing something altogether less lavish and more dependent on plain editorial merit.

Meanwhile the scramble for readers goes on on the old model. Neither the *Daily Mirror* nor the *Daily Express* have as yet found it necessary to change the formulas which have already brought such staggering success. They are producing bigger papers; but, secure in their circulation lead, have so far not gone out of their way to offer anything very sensational in the way of much-publicised new features. Both seem confident that they know what their readers want. So also do the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Sunday Express*, and the *News of the World*. Even its current substantial fall in circulation has as yet not shaken the *News of the World* in its old allegiance to police court reports as a main diet for the Sabbath.

It is very different with most of the others. They can scarcely pause for breath in the search for new excitements to attract the customers. The conclusions they have reached as to what we want to read presents an interesting commentary on the state of society—or perhaps on the minds of newspaper managers. The *Herald*, whose need of a circulation shot in the arm grows almost daily more critical, has decided to pin its faith to a series several weeks long on "James Dean: Symbol of an Age". For the information of those NEW STATESMAN readers who do not keep abreast of affairs, James Dean was a young film star who died 13 months ago and who has since become the centre of a cult of what the *Herald* graphically describes as the "Deanagers". The *Sketch*, believing that a live crooner is better than a dead film star however sulky, boorish and restless when he was alive, is pinning *its* faith to Elvis Presley. "We've got It!", it screamed exultantly in white on black last week. "If you add Sinatra to Crosby, to Johnnie Ray to Perry Como to Eddie Fisher to Liberace, what's the answer? It's Elvis Presley—King of rock 'n' roll. . . . What a story. And the *Sketch* has got it." With a well developed sense of social superiority to such goings on, the *Daily Mail* has flown higher. Its contribution to the sentiment of the nation has been "Peter Townsend. A Gripping Personal Testament".

Faced with this sort of competition the Sunday papers are finding it less easy than it once was to demonstrate their superiority over the dailies in emotional thrill. But the *Sunday Dispatch* has fought back gamely with a series on "The Reluctant Fan Dancer—Phyllis Dixey" and with invitations to women readers to take part in a draw for the excitement of actually lunching with Liberace. Its men readers, to whom perhaps it was felt Liberace would not appeal so much, are being offered lunch with Sabrina. Sabrina, it will be recalled, is a young lady who won a sensational television triumph by never saying a single word. It should be a quiet lunch. But no doubt rewarding in other ways. The *People*, whose circulation has lately taken rather a nasty knock, has decided that what is needed to revive sales is what it rather quaintly describes as "a scoop everyone will be talking about". This is nothing less than the personal story of "Runaway Society Playboy" Tony Moynihan, a young gentleman with, it would appear from the first instalment, a somewhat inflated idea of his place in what he describes as "the British nobility". Those twin stars of Lord Kemsley's empire, the *Empire News* and the *Sunday Graphic* are by no means taking these challenges lying down. The *Empire News* has countered with a double bill—"I Loved an Opium Princess" and "Secrets of the London Cage: The Book the War Office Banned". The *Sunday Graphic*, getting weekly more tabloid under economic stress, has announced "The Nun's Story: What Is It Like Beyond Locked Doors?" to which is added for good measure "The Truth About Cancer".

Amidst this whirl of competing claimants for public attention, only the *News Chronicle* and *Reynolds News* have so far kept their balance. Both remain serious-minded, although the *News Chronicle* has given an hostage to fortune in a new half-page gossip feature of the Londoner, which perhaps will improve as it goes along. One hopes so anyway. But whether they are keeping their circulation is another matter. So far the evidence is that *Reynolds*, at any rate, is having a hard time to make respectability pay. I hope it will not allow itself to grow disheartened. It is even possible that time may yet turn out to be on its side.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Tin Gods

IT seems that 2,400,000 people buy a car of some kind every year; new. Of these 350,000 come from Britain. Of these a quarter of a million go to the Commonwealth, where they are sold under favourable conditions of trade. Our sale of cars abroad in *equal* competition is, therefore, 100,000. It is not, despite daily press adulation of our marvellous motor industry, a very impressive figure. And this year's Motor Show makes the reason apparent: in English conditions and considering only English buyers, it is possible that most English cars are fair value for money. By comparison with European ones, not to mention the Americans, they are not competitive.

From a careful examination of a number of British cars in various price ranges, immediately followed by a similar examination of comparable foreign cars, one thing emerges immediately: European manufacturers are, on the whole, simply supplying a vehicle, a means of getting from A to B with the maximum of speed and safety and economy consonant with a certain price. British manufacturers are doing something rather different, they are selling a prestige object, a token of consumption-power, a sort of household god. The money which goes, in a French or German model, into independent suspension, more powerful brakes, or a more advanced engine, tends, in this country, to go into a fancy dash-board, bogus pleats in the bogus leather upholstery, real hide, real walnut panellings and beadings—all of them splendid dust-traps. The Peugeot model which is comparable with one of the Singers, or with the Hillman Minx, is austere. But then it is not something to spend half a day dusting and polishing: it is primarily a vehicle and, as such, it has a better performance. I do not mean only that it is faster; its suspension and brakes are up to its speed.

From Continental design in general it looks as if motor cars have now arrived at the baroque stage. The British, to paraphrase Clemenceau in another connection, seem to be passing from the romantic to the rococco without any interval of baroque. The European and the American cars in all price ranges are integral in their design, so unified that even bumpers and lamps and signal devices are now true organs of the whole body. But nearly all our own cars are still, quite obviously, a lot of parts stuck together. Of course, in some cases, this sticking together is so well done that the effect is pleasing and the machine efficient. But it was disturbing to pick out the two best-looking British exhibits in the Show, regardless of cost, only to discover that one, the Alvis, was designed by the Swiss, Graber; the other, the Aston Martin, by a Milanese firm.

In the lower price range there can be no doubt that the Renault *Dauphine*, with its engine at the rear, its independent suspension, its low centre of gravity and relatively long wheelbase would be easier, and possibly safer, to drive consistently fast than, for example, the rather high, short, conventionally sprung Standard of comparable size and price. But the fact is the two cars were designed for different conditions. On the whole, the French are in a hurry, whereas the English want to be comfortable. Thus the Standard, looking square, old-fashioned, cosy, has far more luggage-room than its European competitors, but far less sheer "engineering." This is not necessarily a fault: it simply depends on what we want. The same sort of thing is apparent in the higher price range. For example, the Humber Super Snipe, with its excessive bonnet-length to body-length ratio, its superb interior fitting, relatively huge and uneconomical engine (4 litres, 15 m.p.g.) is first and foremost a classy car . . . it is designed to indicate a certain social and financial status in its owner, and as such it is a product of our unique class system. This does not make it competitive elsewhere.

Compare it, for example, with the Mercedes 220 S at something like the same price (price comparisons, of course, ignore purchase tax, etc., and refer to the real cost of the car): the Mercedes has about half as much engine, twice the mileage to the gallon, is faster, easier to handle, better sprung, in short, it is in every way a better car *unless* your object is to declare your status in the caste system. The Germans, like the French and Italians, give the motorist less pomp and circumstance, but more engineering. The difference is just as obvious in the very lowest price range: Fiat's money has been spent on the chassis, Austin's, in the A30, on comfort, pretty fittings, luggage space. In a certain sense I must confess that I find this admirable: it is almost as if the English have tried to refuse to allow the internal combustion engine to hustle them: a nation of loafers (although, alas, we are no longer allowed to indulge this admirable taste), our desire to take it easy is obvious even in the design of our cars.

Something must be said about engines at the rear: so many European manufacturers have put it there, or are doing so, that there must be a reason for it, and there is a tendency to blame English manufacturers for not doing likewise. But there is no point at all in shifting the engine about the chassis unless one gains something. Well, what does one gain? Three things, apparently: with the engine at the rear the prop-shaft more or less disappears, with a consequent disappearance of one source of vibration; this same absence of a prop-shaft makes it easier to design a body with a flat floor and no tunnel; and, much more important, the distribution of weight in a rear-engined car gives about ten per cent. power advantage on slippery surfaces. That is to say that, everything else being equal, a rear-engined car will get up a hill with an icy surface where a front-engined car will not.

Now the fact is this is not very important in Britain; there are rarely more than about ten days a year when ice conditions are encountered on our roads. As for the other advantages, they are not great enough to merit putting a rear-engined car on the market until it becomes much clearer that this really is desirable from the majority of points of view. I believe that English manufacturers are wise to let their Continental rivals do the experimenting in this field; they can always take advantage of it in a year or two.

But all this is to consider the British car solely from the point of view of the British market. From that point of view only, one may perhaps

Australorp, Rhode Island, Leghorn, Sussex; there is hardly a part of the world that has not contributed something to the vocabulary of poultry raising. And farmer tending chickens is a traditional scene as valid for Kent as for Carolina or the Cape. In recent times, however, the scene has changed in one small, but important, particular. The meal now comes to the farm in paper sacks — multiwall sacks, strong, of several thicknesses — that bring the feed clean and then go for burning. Quietly, these paper sacks have effected a revolution in the hygienic carriage of all kinds of materials, from poultry meal to chemical powders. And this revolution is by no means confined to farming. Manufacturers now use Bowater packaging for all manner of goods. Shop windows, shelves and counters are gayer, neater, cleaner — thanks to protective Bowater wrappings. The tree from the far-off Bowater forest is much more today than just a provider of newsprint. Your cleansing tissues, madam; your hardboard, sir: all owe their origin to that most versatile of raw materials — timber.

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sum up by saying that the British and the foreign cars in this year's Show make it more obvious than ever that each serves a different set of values.

And it is this, to come back to the original argument, which is hurting us in our export trade. Just, incidentally, as a similar regard for domestic standards of value is hurting the export trade of American motor-car manufacturers. That, too, is falling proportionately to output-potential, because American cars are, quite simply, too big for European conditions. The Americans can afford this falling off: we cannot. There is a solution, but it means a radical change. Hitherto we have, on the whole, designed cars to suit the rather cosy, almost fubsy English taste and sold some to foreigners who did not mind that. If car export is as important as the finance boys say it is, then what we shall have to do is to design cars not for our taste but for international taste—and put up with them at home. It occurred to me, walking round the Show for the fourth time, to wonder whether there was such a car manufactured in this country. The answer would appear to be the Ford products.

For the rest, British sports cars are still the prettiest—as their performance is, all round, the best in the world, price-for-price. The new Austin-Healey, typical of the class, is greatly improved by two occasional seats so that, at least and at last, the sporting motorist can give someone a lift. The Americans, while to me they look monstrous, repay close examination: in detail, in ingenuity of design, in finish too, they are admirable.

Best *value* in the Show? The Germans.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Realistic Melodrama

IT is a nice irony that the theatre managers, those staunch defenders of the Lord Chamberlain, have had to band together into a Club in order to produce three American plays for which he has refused them a licence. We will not go into their motives (no doubt mixed); that would be too much like looking a gift horse in the mouth. But it will be well worth anyone's while to pay his five shillings hypocrisy money to the New Watergate Theatre Club at the Comedy Theatre in order to see the current play and Tennessee Williams's *Cat on the Hot Tin Roof*, which is promised in the future.

Certainly the club has made a triumphant start. Peter Brook's tense, vivid, atmospheric production of Arthur Miller's fine play *A View from the Bridge*, with a superb performance in the main part from Anthony Quayle, provides one of those rare offerings in the theatre, an experience, something one lives in and through and comes out from still under the spell.

The story and the mood are in the centre of that American tradition which comes from Eugene O'Neill through Clifford Odets to Miller and Tennessee Williams. The Dumb Ox is a recurrent hero in this drama, and his creators are always seeking in his inarticulate stumble towards an inevitable doom some universal significance, some reflection of, or relation to, Greek Tragedy; and they never quite find it. Mr. Miller doesn't succeed in finding it in his lumbering doom-ridden longshoreman, but he does succeed on a simpler level in making his powerful story twist our emotional guts.

Eddie the longshoreman, of Sicilian origin, living in a Brooklyn tenement, is caught in an emotional tangle which he refuses to recognise; he is passionately in love with his niece. He disguises the feeling from himself as a father feeling, but that it is more than this we gather from the fact that it has led to a sexual estrangement from his wife. It is a tradition of the Sicilian Americans to aid and shelter illegal immigrants from their unhappy country, and Eddie and his wife are giving room-shelter to a pair of brothers newly smuggled in, an elder, Marco, and a younger, Rudolpho. (The absence of surnames is characteristic of this tradition whose personages must be as anonymous as possible.) Soon it becomes evident that Rudolpho and Eddie's niece are falling in love and this rouses a violent jealousy in Eddie. He convinces himself that Rudolpho is only making advances to Catherine in order to win a passport by marriage, and to bolster up this belief tries to persuade himself that the boy is homosexual ("the guy aint right"). The tension in the tenement mounts to the climax of the first act: Eddie, persuading the boy to practise a few boxing passes with him, suddenly knocks him flat out. And then—a fine stroke this—the elder brother Marco takes the centre of the stage and challenges Eddie to another feat of strength, and a dramatic curtain comes down on his victory. He is holding a chair threateningly above Eddie's head, foreshadowing the way the conflict will now go.

In the second act there comes the now notorious scene. Eddie arriving home pretty drunk seizes his niece and begins kissing her passionately. The boy, catching him at it, tries to intervene. Eddie turns on him and, shouting that he'll show him what *he* is, seizes the boy and holding him by the hair kisses him passionately on the mouth. It is difficult, I think, to acquit this stroke of the author's of the charge of mere sensationalism. (To seize a boy and forcibly kiss him could not possibly provide any sort of evidence to the girl of the boy's temperament.) It may be argued that it is simply an irresistibly passionate protest and that it demonstrates the depth of delusion to which the tortured ox has sunk. In any case, it is not as central as its sensationalism has reported it. Its failure as a gesture drives Eddie to betray the immigrants to the authorities and that betrayal costs him his death at Marco's hands.

Melodrama is, of course, at the heart of a great many of the best works of fiction, whether the novels of Henry James or the plays of Shakespeare. But where those writers redeemed the melodrama by language, Mr. Miller, in the American tradition, leaves his melodrama unredeemed in this respect. The language here is spare and pared down to the minimum. This is virtually drama without language. It might almost equally well be in dumb-show—much of it is: action conducted with grunts, groans, sighs and speech that is only an emotive noise. Mr. Miller tries to redeem his melodrama in two other ways. First, by a sort of passionate intensity of truthfulness. This is the marriage of naturalism and melodrama, possible only, of course, when the characters are unaware and the issues unsubtle. This part of the redemption is completely successful.

Quite unsuccessful, so it seems to me, is the attempt to establish from the outside of the play some sort of universality which has not come out in it. Mr. Miller gives us a philosophical lawyer as a narrator-chorus, and he is only a source of irritation. His generalisings ("It is better to settle for his half of it" "He made himself fully known") don't bear enough (if any) relation to what we have been experiencing in the play itself. He reminds us of one of Mr. Thornton Wilder's worst wofflers, and we come to anticipate with dread his reappearance between each scene. It says a lot for the play itself that it is able to redeem his presence.

The absence of a language leaves an enormous lot to the actors, and we may have feared that an English cast, not trained, as their American colleagues are, in this kind of raw acting, would give a poor account of it; and they would be speaking—allowances would have to be made for this—what is virtually a foreign language. These obstacles are triumphantly overcome by the company under Mr. Brook's brilliant direction. The impressive design (by Mr. Brook, too) sets us at once among the girders of the overhead railway with the cliffs of lighted buildings towering behind; and the set swings out to enclose the tenement room where the main action takes place. We very soon cease to notice any discrepancies in accent. The truthfulness of the conception is matched in the acting and that is what counts. Mr. Anthony Quayle gives a wonderful dumb force to the longshoreman. That long, deep, groaning sigh of his when his wife at last throws the truth in his face is unforgettable, but it only is so because it has been achieved by everything that has gone before it.

Miss Megs Jenkins has fine earthy sincerity for the wronged wife and Miss Mary Ure—improving with every part she plays—is full of spirit and bafflement. The two brothers are excellently contrasted: Mr. Ian Bannen exact as the elder, authoritative, self-contained, deadly quiet; Brian Bedford spilling over with gaiety, with no realisation of its danger to himself. Admirably lighted and with every tension drawn to its full tightness, Mr. Brook's production is almost flawless.

I have just space to recommend very warmly as a light after-dinner liqueur *Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat*, at the Duchess. Five conventional figures of light comedy are rearranged in a neat little imbroglio, and charm and intelligence infuse the writing (by Hugh and Margaret Williams); the male author leads the company in the playing in which we excel.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Bolshoi Ballet

RUSSIAN SWANS

THE Bolshoi production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* reveals on one hand a superb quality in the dancing, and on the other a dull, withered quality in the choreography. The dancing of the women most especially is astonishing, and it is interesting to analyse the main difference between their style and that generally seen in western Europe. These Russians move from the spine: the head, arms and legs follow the central line of the body and flow out from it in an unceasing gush of movement. It is very different from the fashion to which we are accustomed, where the head, arms and legs are used as separate appendages to the trunk, each manoeuvring more or less on its own axis, and only conforming to the body in order to create an elegant line. The Russians have developed stronger and much more flexible spines, which effect a more exaggerated action, a broader sweep, at times a lashing gesture. They do not dance prettily, with the somewhat doll-like finesse that our artists affect. Each step is enacted with vitality and decision, so that there is never a vague motion, nor, owing to this spinal control, any trembling uncertainty when *en pointe*: the technical precision is in fact exquisite.

Rima Karelskaya is an example of this elastic dexterity. As the Swan Princess she performs in a kind of white hot passion that is embodied in her technique, not in her face. Her legs are fine and springy, like saplings; her arms are long and always building up to some climax; while her facial expression, although inactive, seems to suppress violent inward emotion. She has no charm, no coyness, only great power and great sensitivity. As the wicked Odile the weakness of her acting is betrayed by her inability to do more than smile. But again her dancing triumphs. The patterns made by her body are so alive and her assurance is so vivid that the classical steps are transformed into an exultant expression of her personality.

Yuri Kondratov is a fine, proper Prince Siegfried. His partnering is perfect, though I was a little disappointed with his dancing, as I have been with all the male soloists of the Bolshoi ballet. They are inclined to be big and masculine, which is satisfactory, but their technique,

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Now I'm no psychiatrist, but patience and a bit of kindness can work wonders with a child. After a while she confided in me why she wouldn't go to school. Once, when she had been naughty, her mother had told her that if she was not a good girl she (her mother) would run away, and when she came home from school there would be no one at home.

I reassured her that her mother would not run away and spoke seriously to her mother about making such foolish threats. The youngster went back to school, and to help restore her confidence I asked her to take a five year old child under her wing and see that she reached school."

Cases like this—an actual case on the files of the N.S.P.C.C.—are dealt with frequently by the Society; for the scope of the Society's work is very much wider than cases of cruelty or gross neglect. If the Society can do *anything* at *any* time to help children whose welfare, happiness or future is in jeopardy, it will do so.

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unlike the ladies', lacks adroitness. Not so the *corps de ballet*, which alternately gyrates and stands still like the most beautiful piece of machinery.

It seems that in their technical ability the Russians have advanced far beyond us; but in their choreographic development they are well behind. Gorsky and Asaf Messerer have rehashed all the choreography of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, save that of the prima ballerina, which remains similar to that which we already know. But the *corps de ballet*, for all its perfection, cannot hide the paucity of ideas and feebleness in the general design. The patterns are set on the diagonal (like the furniture in a refined lodging house) and they blurr in and out with little strategy. Gone are those strict formations that manoeuvre so cunningly and show off the principles to such advantage. Gone are the polished, classical *enchaînements* that ornament the stage with nimble variety. It is an unprofitable, unimaginative transformation. One day, perhaps, the Bolshoi will re-learn what is still known of the original. That production will certainly be worth queueing for.

ANNABEL FARJEON

THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHISARAI

"SELLING his life dearly," "a fate worse than death," "the tender passion"—such were the trite old phrases that came to mind with an odd freshness as one followed this ballet; and perhaps they give a clue to its compelling power. It is like that of a full-blooded Victorian novel. The story, from a Pushkin poem, is simple and strong: at the head of his Tartar hordes, the Khan Girei sacks the castle of a Polish nobleman on the day of his daughter's betrothal feast, kills her lover, and carries Maria herself off to his harem at Bakhchisarai. Then, though she is lost in love and sorrow for her dead Waclaw, she arouses in him a tenderer passion than he has ever known, and when she is finally stabbed by his discarded favourite, all he can do is to weep at her fountain.

Nothing is allowed to distract from the clear line of the drama; not for a minute could we forget that it was drama presented through the medium of dance, not drama as the occasion for dancing. When Maria flutters away from Girei —Struchkova conveying a wonderful fragility, with the same kind of lightness and fluid arms as Ulanova—it is her grief and horror that makes the impact, not just her technical skill. When the discarded Zarema (Vera Viltsin) looks down from the palace wall and shudders, her look and motion establish the depth of the abyss and the sharp rocks on which she is to be hurled. It is the whole horror that registers, not just the steps, the leap, by which the horror is conveyed.

Particular moments appeal to the eye: Maria, bent over her dead lover's harp like Watts's *Hope*; the Tartar warriors bursting in victorious, like a David Roberts painting—the analogies are inevitably Victorian. But the Khan's palace has more than a look of ye olde Moorish Café, the ladies of the harem sport what look like cheap kimonos of *art-nouveau* designs; if one gives such things one's whole attention, one can see too well why Diaghilev and Fokine broke away. The point is that one does not give them one's whole attention: that is riveted by the drama being danced. And one is left with the feeling that the Russians are, like their favourite English author, too confident in what they have to put across to worry about good taste. They make us swallow their danced dramas whole, for all their limitations, as we swallow *David Copperfield*.

JANET ADAM SMITH

An Early Cubist

"TROP d'intelligence, trop d'intelligence," a lady once said to Gleizes of his Cubist canvases, to which Gleizes replied, "Mais Madame, je vous assure que la peinture n'est pas réservée aux idiots." Gleizes was one of the original cubists; and the initial impression made by the exhibition of his paintings at the Marlborough Gallery is one of boldness and vigour. The paintings are all large and brilliantly coloured; at first glance they are even extremely impressive. But as one stands in front of the individual works, one becomes conscious of a sense of bleakness and frigidity, even of sterility—their geometry is so obvious, the paint quality so meagre and deliberate.

Cubism was perhaps the most daring and complete artistic revolution since the Renaissance, and a visit to the marvellous Cubist room in the Braque exhibition is sufficient to demonstrate it. But it seems hard now to believe that while Picasso and Braque were creating the style, it was painters such as Gleizes, and paintings such as *La Femme aux Phlox* and *La Cuisine* (on view at the Marlborough), that were shocking and scandalising the Parisian public. Indeed the work of Gleizes and his friends created such a stir that it eventually led to a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, in which Cubism was condemned as immoral and un-French.

The painter with whom Gleizes most readily invites comparison is Léger. Neither was interested in art for art's sake. Both saw Cubism not as an end in itself but as a means to a more universally accessible and popular kind of painting. But while the war was for Léger a vital experience which brought him into contact with a new reality, Gleizes, living in New York after his release from the French Army in 1915, found it a profoundly unsettling experience. He explored the possibilities of Communism; but his ideas about it were hazy and emotional, and had as little to do with true Marxism as his Cubist paintings had with the real Cubist æsthetic. While Léger was becoming more and more conscious of the need for relating painting to contemporary life, Gleizes's desire for a community in which the artist could serve as a useful craftsman, led back to the plough and the Middle Ages. And just as William Morris's socialism was the product of a romantic feeling for medieval arts and crafts, out of sympathy with the real social problems of an expanding industrial country, so Gleizes was developing with his new ideology a more abstract and universally unintelligible kind of painting. Subsequently, Gleizes embraced a real but no less vague Christianity, which became the major theme of his later work. Back in France after the war, he retreated to the country where he founded a series of small rural artistic communities and devoted himself to extensive theological and philosophical studies.

Despite the variety and range of subject matter, the paintings themselves (except for the earliest canvases which are executed in a heavy-handed Impressionist technique) create a completely uniform impression. An Abstraction such as *Lumière Jaune* is no different in feeling and mood from the *Christ in Majesty*; a Crucifixion or a painting of a Virgin and Child no more moving than the coldly detached *Woman with a Fan*. The colours, which seem to derive from illuminated manuscripts, do not vary either, and the pinks, blues and emerald greens give the large religious pieces a feeling of frivolity and gaiety he did not intend. The repetitiousness and similarity of mood and structure can be accounted for by the fact that the same elaborate but fundamentally obvious theories govern all the paintings executed after the first war. Gleizes's importance is ultimately that of a minor painter involved in a great historic movement, and so it is unfortunate that the exhibition contains none of his large Cubist canvases executed between 1911 and 1914, when his work was causing most controversy. On the whole the exhibition leaves one with the feeling that Gleizes was not primarily a painter at all, but an intellectual in love with pictorial theory who used a minor talent as a means of giving expression to the wanderings of a restless mind.

The American painter John Marin, whose large retrospective exhibition at the Arts Council closes at the end of this week, was a painter of few or no pretensions. In contrast with Gleizes, his approach to painting was purely visual, and throughout his life his inspiration was derived directly from his immediate surroundings and from aspects of nature with which he was intimately familiar; his subjects were the streets of New York and the rocky coast of Maine which he painted with love and understanding. Since Marin lived and worked in Europe during the early years of the century, crucial years in the history of modern painting, it is surprising that the organisers of the exhibition have almost completely ignored his work of this period. An enjoyable and spirited painter, Marin's talent was, too, a minor one.

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Unsteady Standard

WHEN one is a television critic, do one's standards of judgment necessarily get lower and lower as time passes? It should not be so, in theory. Critics of painting, of books, of films, and of the theatre are rewarded with a fair percentage of material that they can find some pleasure in praising, while maintaining what they may like to think of as an "absolute" standard. This material, moreover, is probably of reasonably diverse kinds.

To some extent, the TV critic finds himself obliged to adopt a relative rather than an absolute standard. The general quality of the product, on both channels, is so appallingly poor—I do not mean technically, but intellectually and artistically—that the application to it of anything like an absolute standard would issue in a monotonously repetitive jeremiad. Moreover, another difficulty is that, unlike the better material with which other critics have to deal, the better TV products are not usually diverse in kind. Every critic knows in advance which of each week's programmes can be counted on to be above the general level; an *Othello*, a *Tempest*, a *Saint of Bleecker Street* (noticed here last week), is only an occasional rarity; but one cannot, without again risking monotony, go on week after week commending *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?*, *Son of Fred*, the ITN, *The Jack Jackson Show*, *Panorama* and *This Week* (both of which, however, have their off weeks), and the few other standbys.

The extent to which my own standards had become relative was brought home to me on Monday night, when I kept from their dinner an intelligent middle-aged woman and man whose reactions, because they had been living abroad and had seen no television at all, I thought might be interesting. They were, rather, depressing. After two hours they had had as much of it as they could stand; and their expressions of scarcely qualified horror and disgust would have distressed the hard-working producers who had been trying so hard to please us.

Perhaps (in order to induce them to take part in the experiment at all) I had oversold the product to my captive viewers. I had promised them "not a bad sample evening": on the BBC, *This Is Your Life* and *Panorama;* on ITV, *Son of Fred* and the first of the new Granada series, *What the Papers Say* (which was postponed).

I had, of course, warned them that *This Is Your Life* might be sentimental, but I could not have foreseen that the character exposed would be that of an old-time star, Miss Ada Reeve. Miss Reeve is a "grand old trouper"; as such, she probably enjoyed the emotional exploitation of her past as much as Mr. Eamonn Andrews and the studio audience did; I can only say that after twenty minutes of sheer wallow, we had to seek temporary respite from our embarrassment in switching to what seemed, to put it mildly, a rather too artificial domestic comedy on ITV.

"But I do assure you," I said (a bit anxiously), "that you'll find *Panorama* very different—much better—at least, it usually is." Some of it bored them, particularly an over-long discussion of price-fixing. It was redeemed by Mr. Muggeridge's lovingly lit angularity, and by a rather grey film of the Keighley stocking-factory strike; but why, when the commentator remarked that the pickets were "*voicing* their disapproval" of the blacklegs going to work, were we not allowed to hear what they said? Best of all, in this item, was the sterling and articulate Trade Union organiser, Miss MacIntyre, who crisply snubbed the patronising Dimbleby when he impertinently addressed her by a vulgar journalese nickname. The astonishing cumulative attack on the British motor industry was also, for the BBC, daring.

On the whole, though, this was an evening when ITV had it over the BBC (with a superb *Son of Fred* parody of Robin Day newscasting the opening of the first atomic rinser at a laundry in the Balls Pond Road)—and, since one of the commonest complaints against ITV is that "it hasn't produced one new idea," we welcome gratefully the new ideas that Granada does succeed in screening: this admirable series, for instance, in which editors of weekly reviews are to subject the daily press to critical analysis; or the series *Youth is Asking* (not, unfortunately, networked to London), in which north-country schoolboys and schoolgirls quiz a celebrity—and, unusually, for the last five minutes of the programme, the victim is allowed to turn and quiz his quizzers.

* * *

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
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Quote from article by ITA's Sir Robert Fraser on page 1 of the Commercial TV supplement to *Advertisers' Weekly*, 21/9/56: "There was another and different worry [a year ago]. . . The bad, bad sponsors were lurking round the corner and, oh my, the poor little Independent Television Authority was going to be gobbled up . . . Well, this one did not even get to the starting place. As a cause, sponsorship has no supporters, and no one even thinks anyone wants it. . ."

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TOM DRIBERG

Close-up on the Rock-face

BEFORE the titles go up, an aeroplane has got into a snowstorm in the Alps and crashed: I enjoy this kind of preamble. It may not here look 100 per cent. real, but then perhaps such an accident—if one were given an Abominable Snowman's view—wouldn't. Then the credits, and the trite Amfitheatrov music, and we come in, as it were, next day to the sunlight of the valley and of Mr. Spencer Tracy.

I like Mr. Tracy (who doesn't?), this time in a beret and wide corduroys with a flock of sheep. He waves a stick (crook, is it?) and Miss Claire Trevor, seeming to step straight out of Fifth Avenue, makes a pass at him that has been going on, we gather, for years. Then there is a semi-documentary party with a wireless and a van, getting a search going. They brush aside Mr. Tracy's sheep, but then discover that he's *the* mountaineer of these parts. Will he lead? No, the mountain won't have him; in fact has almost done for him more than once. But he has a dissolute young brother; and *he* has heard—the villainous learn these things—that the crashed plane was carrying gold. So when the search party has failed, and its guide been killed, the young brother (Robert Wagner) insists on going up, and the good shepherding Mr. Tracy, of course, has to take him.

The sun, I may say, never fails to shine at the Leicester Square Theatre in this valley, though it is winter, skies are blue, bad brother wears a sky-blue shirt, and good sports red. (Is this the director's, Edward Domytryb's private symbolism?) One's criticisms die down rather with the actual climb: this manages to be hair-raising, and to bring out the simple opposition between the two men, despite the intrusion of studio bits. Mr. Tracy starts on a wide ledge rather gingerly even for one who has forsworn mountains; but then there are protracted moments, when his fingers explore along an ice-packed hold and the axe must sweep blindly, and then the agony of the ascent of the chimney, which do all that in the circumstances the screen should do. This is in dead earnest the kind of thrill that Harold Lloyd played with hanging on the clock-hand over the street. Except, as I say, for the too rectilinear rocks and the too set sky when the climbers rest on studio stages, this ascent is a genuine breath-stopper, and we are never allowed to forget the moral tussle involved.

IL TROVATORE

A star Italian cast was assembled in Geneva to make this superb recording of Verdi's masterpiece. It is particularly noteworthy for the restitution of several passages normally cut: the duet for Leonora and Manrico following the latter's 'Ah sì, ben mio' (Act III, Sc. 2); the repeat, later in the same scene, of Manrico's 'Di quella pira', enabling a connecting passage with half-a-dozen bars for Leonora to be included; and the heroine's rarely heard solo 'Tu vedrai che amore' (Act IV, Sc. 1).

RENATA TEBALDI sings Leonora

MARIO DEL MONACO sings Manrico

GIULIETTA SIMIONATO sings Azucena

UGO SAVARESE sings the Count di Luna

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WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, at the Royal Festival Hall

Before and after its visit to the Swansea Festival, this fine orchestra gave two concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, both under its regular conductor Karel Ancerl. Their programmes were excessively safe and conventional, especially the first, which contained all the stalest items in the Czech repertory, together with one unworthy novelty—a crude set of *Moravian Dance Fantasies* by Slavicky. The second concert, last Monday, was slightly more adventurous, including Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro* and Janacek's *Taras Bulba.* The Elgar piece, in which the excellent Smetana Quartet collaborated, displayed the rich tone and unanimous phrasing of the string section; while the Janacek—full of arresting details but an unsatisfactory whole—gave full scope to the brass. But the conductor did not seem to have wholly mastered either the Elgar or the Janacek idiom; it was in *Till Eulenspiegel* that he and his orchestra, with its superb woodwind, showed all their qualities. They also provided a considerate accompaniment to Denis Matthews's delicate, almost too delicate, reading of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto.

D. S.-T.

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A BRITON IN ISRAEL

SIR,—In all the recent discussions, press comment and hullabaloo over the Suez crisis and its effect on the Middle East situation, I have noticed little, if any, public expression of one point of view—that of the settler in Israel from Britain or other "Anglo-Saxon" countries.

We here are under no illusion as to our future. We stand or fall with this state, upon the security of which depend the lives not only of those immigrants who came because they had literally no other home in the world, but those, like myself, who came because they like it here. More—I love this beautiful, much-disputed country which is the home of my ancestors and which, I hope, will also be that of my children. I am one of many hundreds, and it is time our voice was heard in the lands which gave us birth and to which we owe gratitude for our early upbringing. Here we have a sense of pride and national kinship unsurpassed in any other land. We gather to listen to the news broadcasts in an atmosphere which reminds me of London "blitz" days. We still travel between Haifa and our capital city, Jerusalem, even though our trains are fired upon from Jordan and our drivers injured. We continue "business as usual" in our places of work, striving all the time to educate our youth, to increase our store of knowledge, so that this state will eventually become a model of an independent, modern Socialist democracy. Is it not of importance to other free-thinking nations that we should succeed?

We are already well on the way. We have achieved fine universities and institutes of learning; a national health system which provides first-class cheap holiday homes where professors and office cleaners mix; and —most important of all—an overwhelming desire on the part of the ordinary man to *learn.* I myself was "pressurised" into teaching English to a class of bank clerks after working hours—five boys from Morocco, Japan, Germany, Rumania and Poland, and an Israeli-born girl whose husband is a pilot. Their eagerness to learn is touching; street sweepers and labourers devour pocket-books of Shakespeare, Shaw and the great philosophers, and go twice weekly to hear recorded music of the classics ("live" concerts being few and far between).

Sometimes we Britishers—or South Africans, Americans and so on—may feel that those we left behind do not fully understand the reasons for our determination to continue and develop our lives here. Without living in Israel, it is difficult for them to comprehend that incidents like Suez, or Arab attacks (which we cannot afford to let pass unpunished) will never be more than obstacles which we must and shall overcome. We desire nothing more strongly than peace with our neighbours. It is to be hoped that this may one day be achieved through peaceful means and the proper international agencies. But the world should understand that our love for, and attachment to this country, cannot be altered, nor the bonds which bind us to her loosened, by any violence or violations that occur.

DORIS BRESH

15 Rechox Ze'ev,
Stella Maris, Haifa.

THE TWO CULTURES

SIR,—Dr. Snow's penetrating analysis of the scientific culture was to me, a professional scientist, the more impressive because he courteously refrained from pointing one obvious conclusion. That, subject to the usual reservation about generalisations, we scientists are insufferably boring. This does not mean that we are bores of the kind found in clubs and pubs; it means that our modes of thought, social manners and experience have too little in common with those of literary men and others educated in the humanities for our conversation and writing to be interesting. We do not have the cultural framework which familiarity with western philosophy, literature or history provides; allusions and quotations usually escape us; conceit, in the literary sense, bores us; matters of taste we find either self-evident or uninteresting; we do not even laugh at the same jokes—except perhaps at a lavatory level. All this would matter little, for we are indeed the coming generation, but for the sad fact that we bore each other too. The coming society promises to be as tedious as is a Communist state today.

I believe this melancholy situation results from the lack of any written expression of scientific culture, and consequently of any feel among scientists for language, written or spoken. The standard of writing and expression in papers submitted to learned journals is the despair of editors, and the levels of elocution and exposition in spoken communications at scientific meetings are truly disgraceful. The interest of the reader or listener is sustained solely by the content of the subject matter communicated—when this is not concealed in a morass of jargon, clichés and periphrases. And this is not only true of the rank-and-file scientists; it is also true of many of the leading figures in their various fields. The frightening thing is that so few scientists are aware of it.

Something has got to be done about it. Apart from foreboding a world of technically accomplished zombies, scientific progress itself will suffer. For the sort of imagination needed for originality in scientific research is indistinguishable from that in any other field, and if the few scientists in each generation of this level of intelligence are unable to communicate their manners of thinking, then their major contribution to society will be lost. Your earlier article "New Minds for the New World" brought out the need for science as part of anyone's education, and conversely the need to "humanise" our at present over-specialised scientific curricula, but a couple of hours philosophy or literature a week is not going to humanise the scientists themselves. Somehow the traditional culture must assimilate the scientific outlook so that a communality of cultural background may be regained. From a literary point of view there is no scientific culture (perhaps that is why science fiction is so surprisingly popular among scientists). Only informed non-scientists can create one.

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27 Cross Deep Gardens,
Twickenham.

SIR,—May I write to thank you for Mr. C. P. Snow's deeply thoughtful and interesting article? However, is it not remarkable that scientists proselytise so little as compared with writers and literary people generally? The latter devote a very great deal of time and energy to spreading a general knowledge of literature and making people aware of its existence and importance. They will willingly travel long distances to speak to quite small groups, and are constantly lending a hand with short courses, organising exhibitions, and writing pamphlets and manifestos. These activities are consciously evangelical, and are meant to interest, stimulate and even convert, not specialists, but ordinary, reasonably literate people. But scientists do very little of these things. Many (but not, of course, all) would regard them as vulgar and beneath contempt. They have the typical attitude of a proud and infallible church, which does indeed discuss its own theology with its own initiates, but cannot condescend to speak to the multitude. It is interesting to consult the lists of evening classes published by Local Education Authorities, and compare the initiative and energy shown by the literary in the provision of courses with the inertia and silence of the scientists outside examination syllabuses. London has Literary Institutes, but no Science Institutes; there is a Book League, but no Science League. Do scientists really believe, passionately and with conviction, in the value of their subject?

London, W.9. DAVID WARING

THE MASK OF KEATS

SIR,—Naomi Lewis's review of Mr. Gittings's *Mask of Keats* has interested me deeply for two reasons. Her comparison of Mr. Gittings's conception of the poet with my own in *Keats and Shakespeare*—now 30 years old, as she pertinently reminds me—and her preference for Mr. Gittings's seems, by her own admission, to be based on her feeling that Mr. Gittings's is more in conformity with the Zeitgeist.

Mr. Murry's Keats, the intense and angry poet

whom many of us took so seriously at the age of sixteen, now seems to us an insufferable fellow. . . . Mr. Gittings, on the other hand, has broken the long spell of awe. . . . He has, in fact, provided a suitable image of the poet for our time.

I like the honesty of that (though I did not present Keats as angry), and I do not doubt the fact. But, surely, the important question is which of the two images is the truer? I do not claim that mine is; but I do suggest that it is strange that this consideration should be, almost openly, swept aside.

The second point that interests me is that this process of replacing the insufferable image of Keats by one "suitable for our time" has been accompanied by a surprising revaluation of his poetic achievement. Naomi Lewis says:

> Of all the major writers of the world—novelists, playwrights, poets—hardly anyone, except Rimbaud, has written anything of more than potential interest in his early twenties. Most of Keats's work, then, was really juvenilia, which he would have been the first to put behind him.

This strikes me as a very curious statement. The second sentence is apparently presented as a logical consequence of the first. But the first can, in the nature of the case, be only an induction. And why on earth should not Keats be as exceptional as Rimbaud? Putting this pretence of argument aside, all I am left with is the *ipse dixit* that most of Keats's poetry was really juvenilia: which must, in the context, mean that it is, as poetry, of little account.

Such a critical judgment seems to me positively perverse. Some of the Odes have weak moments; but, taken as wholes, the *Nightingale*, the *Urn* and *Autumn* are to be reckoned among the very finest short poems in the English language. The first *Hyperion* is almost perfect. Try to change a single word for the better in the first 40 lines. *The Eve of St. Agnes* belongs to the very first rank of romantic narrative poems; and no singling out of "jellies soother than the creamy curd" can alter the fact that in the context of its stanza it creates no resistance. There are a half-dozen invulnerable sonnets; and there are at least as many more poems which, though imperfect, have on them the unmistakable stamp of high and original poetic genius. And this is to leave the *Letters* clean out of the reckoning.

Juvenilia might, with justice, be applied to most of Keats's poems up to and including *Isabella*: even then the same justice would compel us to add that many of these are manifestly the juvenilia of genius. But if the judgment that most of Keats's poems are really juvenilia is put forward as a judgment "suitable for our time," like the new image of the poet, then there really is something radically wrong with the time; and the less the individual judgment conforms to it, the better.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk.

THE NATION AND THE RESERVISTS

SIR,—The question in your article on October 13 as to why more officials were not drafted to cope with the task of clearing applications for National Service Grants will be received with wry smiles by members of this association. Eight years of experience in the administration of social security has shown us that this sort of progressive thinking is reserved for more favoured government activities. There has, for instance, been no shortage of staff in the service departments. Paradoxically, the National Assistance Board is currently undergoing staff reductions as a part of the government economy measures in the civil service and it is little wonder that the public is beginning to feel a reduction in the standard of service that we, as responsible public servants, feel is their right.

National Service Grants are only one of many functions that have been undertaken by the National Assistance Board, but their recipients appear more vocal than some other sections of the public. It seems a pity that criticism of this nature is not more forthcoming, for it takes the spotlight of blame away from the harassed and overworked local officer and places it instead at the higher levels where it belongs.

P. D. JONES
Chairman,
National Assistance Board Section
The Society of Civil Servants,
Christchurch, Hants.

WHAT'S BECOME OF GILES?

SIR,—Edward Hyams' classification of British farmers of the mid-20th-century is clever but unconvincing. Farmer Giles of the popular press has probably never existed, but I know of more than one elderly farmer who is much nearer that journalistic conception than any of the farmers described under Mr. Hyams' own headings.

One farmer in particular I remember from my childhood (I am 24), was big, burly and red faced; kind-hearted, with a delightful, disarming smile, although showing the traditional surly ill humour on occasion. He read nothing but his daily paper, the *Farmer & Stock-Breeder* and The Bible (his wife was frequently mending the right elbow of his night shirts—his Bible elbow, she called it—because of his habit of reading the family Bible in bed each night). Now he has handed the farm on to his son Henry, and lives in semi-retirement in a wing of the farmhouse, with his wife.

Henry, who cannot be recognised in any of Mr. Hyams' groups, either, is a keen Young Farmer (surely a qualification Mr. Hyams might have mentioned?), secretary of the parish council and a member of the church choir. He and his father are not isolated members of minority classes of contemporary British farmers (in their own Devonshire village alone there are several more like them), and I suggest that Mr. Hyams looks further than the Home Counties (which I suspect furnished him with his class divisions) before writing Giles' obituary and ignoring the existence of Giles' son.

Cricklewood, N.W.2. A COUNTRY GIRL

KLEMPERER AND FURTWANGLER

SIR,—I fully agree with Mr. Shawe-Taylor about Dr. Klemperer but does our appreciation of his interpretations of Beethoven represent a "swing of the pendulum"? I would challenge Mr. Taylor's comparison with Furtwangler. I, for one, never regarded him as a great classical conductor—for some romantic works such as Wagner he was very good—but I often found his Beethoven completely unbear-

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GUY BURGESS

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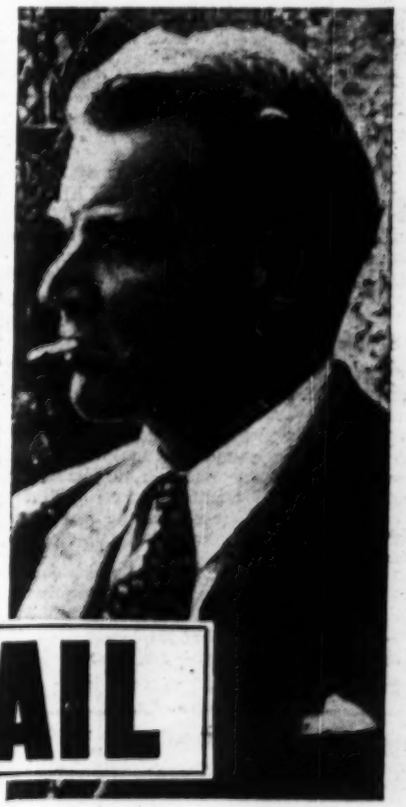

able. No, if a comparison is to be made, it must be with the acknowledged authority on Beethoven of the inter-war years, namely, Weingartner, and the interesting thing is that, to me, there is a very great similarity in approach to these supreme works on the part of Klemperer to that of his great predecessor. Far from showing any change in public feeling towards the interpretation of Beethoven, I feel that it demonstrates a remarkable consistency.

119 Lower Morden Lane, Morden. D. WRIGHT

MYTH IN ACTION

SIR,—Mr. W. John Morgan should not have allowed the high ideals professed by Mr. Claude Morris to have blinded him to the extent of not checking his statements. He writes, "As a result of its treatment of coalfield affairs the paper, for some reason, no longer receives Coal Board advertising." The *South Wales Voice* never has received any Coal Board advertising and does not get any now because the only advertisements the Board places in provincial weekly papers like the *Voice* are of colliery vacancies. There are no vacancies at the pits in the *Voice*'s circulation area.

NOEL GEE

Director of Public Relations,
National Coal Board.

POPISH PLOTS

SIR,—My attention has been called to two strange mis-statements about my *Life of Robert Southwell* in an article by Mr. Trevor-Roper in your columns.

Mr. Roper remarked—or clearly implied—that I tried to conceal the fact that Spain and England were at war during the period of Southwell's ministry: that is, from 1586 to 1592.

On the contrary: if Mr. Roper had read my book (which he was by way of reviewing) he would have found a reference to the state of war for every year between 1586 and 1592, from Southwell's comments on the surrender of Deventer down to his hopes for peace expressed cautiously in the *Humble Supplication*. I do not have a copy of my book by me at present, but the point is too obvious to need detailed corroboration. So far from wanting to conceal the state of war I wanted to stress it in order to show the awkward dilemma in which it placed Catholics.

The second mis-statement is less blatant but more insulting. Mr. Roper says that having described a certain document as "possibly" a forgery I then tried to slip it over as "certainly" so. He gives no page reference; but it seems clear, since there are very few references to forgery in my book, that the document in question is the letter which involved Southwell in the Earl of Derby's claim to the throne. If Mr. Roper will read the page in question more carefully he will find that the two differing qualifications are applied to two quite distinct things: namely, to the text of the letter and to the interpretation put on it by Cecil's informers.

I am not really interested in defending my book, since I do not think that anything Mr. Roper can say will do it much harm—indeed I am grateful to him for his protracted notice of it. I am, however, mildly interested in Mr. Roper himself. He has made two statements which, if true, would place my honesty in a dubious light. Both the statements are demonstrably untrue. I wonder if any expression of regret will be forthcoming.

CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN, S.J.

St. James's Parish,
Gatooma,
Southern Rhodesia.

[Mr. Trevor-Roper writes: (1) Fr. Devlin does indeed sometimes refer to Spanish military movements, and from this it is possible for an alert reader of his book to deduce some desultory hostilities. But he altogether fails to bring out the essential fact, which governs the whole question of the Jesuit mission, that the English government was engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

It really seems to me absurd to regard the Spanish Armada as being irrelevant except in so far as it created an "awkward dilemma" for English Catholics.

(2) On p. 229 and in the relevant note, Fr. Devlin says, of one and the same document, (a) "it is hard to decide whether this letter is authentic or not"; (b) "Fictitious as Lord Burghley and his son (almost certainly) knew this information to be"; (c) "it is true in any case that Cecil's interpretation of it was wholly and deliberately false." The distinction made in Fr. Devlin's letter may possibly reconcile (a) with (b), but between (b) and (c)—both of which indisputably refer to the same evidence—an uncertainty has quietly crowned itself assured. In fact Fr. Devlin gives no evidence to show how Cecil interpreted the document: the only interpretation is—as he admits in his letter—by Cecil's informant. But in general I find that, to writers of Fr. Devlin's school, any stick is good enough to beat Sir Robert Cecil.

Let me hasten to assure Fr. Devlin that I do not question his honesty: only his sense of proportion in matters where there is room for zeal.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I am writing to the editors of the *Catholic Herald* and of *The Tablet* to say that I'll be ready to discuss in their journals my letter in your number of October 6, if they wish to discuss it.

JOHN V. SIMCOX

FRANCE-OBSERVATEUR

SIR,—The British press has reported a well-nigh unanimous support by the French "Left" for M. Mollet's bellicose Suez policy which your journal, to judge from recent comments, has accepted as true. Allow me to point out, however, that one of the leading French Socialist weeklies, *France-Observateur*, has bitterly attacked this policy right from the start and reports that an overwhelming majority of those readers who have written in to it have indicated their support for this attitude.

MICHAEL RANDLE

Church Farm, Uckfield, Sussex.

THE SECRET OF THE KUGEL

SIR,—Neither Mr. Mikardo nor Mr. Applebaum, however well intentioned, should endeavour to classify, identify or investigate the contents of the Kugel; like the original story the ingredients should remain, as the cook would wish, secret. As Mr. Mikardo points out, Kugel is a generic name for the *form* of a dish, and the contents will vary according to the nationality, tradition, season and even whim of the Kugel maker.

The truth is that all Kugel eaters recall the Kugels they have eaten with nostalgic memories of their hungry youth and have built up memories of magic contents impossible to identify.

There is, of course, only one wonderful Kugel in the world, and every Mother makes it.

13 The Park, N.W.11. BILL ROBINS

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

SIR,—Since your reviewer has made a challenge, the choice of weapons is, according to English traditional usage, mine. I propose that we both make a public demonstration of our principles. I will make, before whatever unbiased, non-commercial referee you choose, a traditional English steak and kidney pie. Let Miss Lane make at the same time whatever substitute she favours. I do not know if it would prove to be possible, but London has one of the finest cooking schools in the world, called the Westminster Technical Institute. The integrity of the headmaster is unimpeachable. The school is large, and perhaps any members of the public who were interested enough to present themselves might be admitted. I am at the disposal of my challenger at any reasonable hour.

Nut Tree Cottage, Molash, Nr. Canterbury. MARY AYLETT

[Miss Lane writes: I fear that Miss Aylett grows confused. I issued not a challenge, but an invitation; namely, to make me a steak and kidney pie to demonstrate her proposition that, if raw stewing steak is put into a pie-dish, covered with pastry and baked "in a moderate oven for about an hour," the meat will be done. Most good cookery books advise covering the pie-crust, when it is cooked, with layers of greaseproof paper and letting the pie bake at a reduced temperature for a further hour; or else partly pre-cooking and cooling the meat before you begin. This accords, I think, with most people's experience, and was the only critical point I raised in my otherwise commendatory review of Miss Aylett's book. I am surprised that it has angered her so much, and that her annoyance should have led her to pretend that I said things I did not say; as, for instance, that I make steak and kidney pies with a "hash of left-overs surmounted by a dollop of synthetic pastry"—a notion which never occurred to me until I read about it in her letter. I am now of the opinion, however, that it would be prudent to withdraw my invitation. Her letters have afforded great enjoyment, but after reading them something tells me I should be afraid to eat any pie that she had baked specially for me.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I have been a student of your correspondence columns for many years and have often felt impelled to join in but have been deterred by the erudite nature of the contributions. However, on such a recondite subject as steak and kidney pies I feel I am qualified to contribute. I am a baker of many years' standing and have been responsible for the baking of thousands of pies, and I am on the side of Mary Aylett. A more objectionable mess than the average plate of stew with a piece of so-called pastry on top, which passes as steak and kidney pie, would be hard to imagine.

I have not read Mary Aylett's book and do not know her recipe. I can assure Margaret Lane that until she has tasted a steak and kidney pie, filled with home-fed rump steak and kidney, covered (uncooked) with a puff paste made with butter, she does not know anything. The secret (if there be any) is in the method of cooking. All that is necessary is to place the pie in a fairly hot oven (over 400 deg F) for 20 to 30 minutes until the paste has risen, then cover the pie with several sheets of soft white paper to protect the paste, reduce the heat to about 330 deg F and cook for a further two hours (or more according to size).

The sublety of the dish is the impregnation of the pastry with the odours of the cooking meat, and the meat with the delicious flavour and aroma of the butter contained in the pastry.

81 Gray Street, Broughty Ferry, Dundee. W. S. GOODFELLOW

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Most Solitary Victorian

"LEFT Naples today," John Ruskin wrote in his diary in 1841, "disgusted with everything but Vesuvius who rose in a bold grey mass, like Saddleback, over the wilderness of vines all the way to Capua. Sorry to bid him, Goodbye. I wish Vesuvius could love me, like a living thing; I would rather make a friend of him than any morsel of humanity."

He was twenty-two. The wound of the loss of Adèle Domecq was still raw. We smile at the adolescent self-pity of the paragraph; we shall be mistaken if we cover our smile with a gesture of sympathy. In a sense Ruskin did make his grotesque demand upon the volcano seriously. Years later he was to compare Effie Gray to a mirage in the desert and a glacier with cold, dark clefts. In ecstasy, in despair because ecstasy so quickly staled, he desired community only with cloud and rock and sea, and retired to the passion of his own solitude. It amounted to a fever and a rage. He is the most solitary of the Victorians, a man living in the intellectual paradise and personal hell of visual egoism. Only the prospect pleased, only man was vile. Nor is he content to spell out his contemplations passively. The Victorians abounded in energy. There come moments when there is a quality of aggression in Ruskin's loneliness, as if he were invading us with it. There are moments when it appals us, for he did, after all, go mad. And there is a final moment, when we read the simple prose of *Praeterita*, when we suspect him of wiliness, cunning, the madman's irony, in contriving his solitude. Self-love could hardly be more adept in the midst of its own intoxication. Until Ruskin disintegrates in his personal tragedy his spell never fails.

Of the tragedy we learn little from the profuse diaries which Ruskin kept for most of his life, though in the last, not yet published, there are known to be elaborate records of his dreams which presented themselves as one more visual world to conquer. The diaries were of two kinds: one for intellect, one for feeling or what he called "the diaries of pain." The latter were destroyed by him when he was sixty. The former are now being published and edited by Miss Joan Evans and the first volume, covering the years from 1835 (when he was sixteen and intellectually precocious) to 1847, is just issued*. They are industrious diaries of travel in France, Switzerland and Italy, written to record useful impressions of architecture and scenery. Almost every entry contains his obsession with weather and the state of the sky:

> Under a range of white, heavy, yet transparent, cloud, resembling silver in a state of vapour, which appeared at dawn this morning all round the horizon, under a dark clear sky, there appeared a brighter, purer gleam of light, which affected me like the voice of an old friend. It was the mountain snow, fallen heavily during the night. . . .

No references to his father and mother with whom he was travelling and who never relaxed their grip on him: that indicates the numbed intensity of his loneliness. By his eyes, seeing and sketching, the prisoner escaped. The solitude of his mind has the ceaseless industry of desire, turned outward continually on mountain, rock and stream, on works of art and very little on man. In the later part of his volume, people do appear—women at fountains, men brawling and lazing outside St. Mark's—but they are there, less for pleasure, than as dots to set off a picturesque foreground. The diaries are not of a life lived, but of a course of self-driving and self-education. They were kept up every day, there are foretastes of his violence of opinion; there are often small set-pieces of description. They are a finished and exhaustive performance. If we drop this volume and turn to *Letters from Venice (1851-1852)*† which he wrote to his father *daily* after his marriage, on top of his diarising, his drawing and his literary work, there is the same almost monotonous, self-instructing, anxious industry. Like Henry James, Ruskin is a man woven into a tapestry of words, imprisoned in them. There is no word but fanatical to describe the effect upon the reader. How rapidly, how ruthlessly Proust's "angelic intercessary," the lover of ideal beauty, will exhaust what he looks at and what he describes. In the diary there are indeed complaints that second impressions disappoint, when others would say they corrected, deepened or fulfilled. Yet here—though Ruskin's critics have complained of his contradictions and his wilfulness—yet here is the source of his intermittent spell: in Ruskin, each word, like a painter's brush-stroke, is a first glance of the visionary. It is characteristic of him that, as an evocative writer, he should attempt so frequently subjects which appear to elude exact descriptions, because we do not stop to observe and note what is happening; the changes of light in the sky, the accumulating and dissolving of cloud in sumptuous twilights or blackening storms, the motion of certain kinds of sea, the flow of great rivers, or the definitions of huge panoramas. He understands their structure, as he understood the architecture of cathedrals. Structure and motion: these elements are always noted in his descriptions of nature. In an excellent short pamphlet which leans towards the Proustian view of Ruskin‡, Mr. Peter Quennell quotes the famous purple passage on the Rhone and this typical sky picture:

> those mighty watch towers of vapour whence waving curtains of opaque rain are let down into the valleys, swinging . . . in black, bending fringes or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface with foam as they go.

And one will find innumerable rudimentary passages in the diaries, indeed, not as rudimentary as all that. There is a jubilation, not to say a conceit, in the act of seeing: "the snowy ranges [of the Apennines] gleaming through the mist, distinguishable only to my practised eye from the white masses of thunder cloud tossed amongst them"; or, after watching a swell in the bay of Naples:

> It was a good deal like the Sidmouth sea when it was going down, but not so turbulent; cooler about all its motions, and far more graceful. At Sidmouth, it was majestic in the extreme, but it was the majesty of power; it was agitated underneath, and there was a kind of repressed feeling about even the sinking waters, but here it was the majesty of beauty. The waves all perfectly clear; and as smooth as glass on their surface; no wind; the swell coming in in waves two hundred yards long, rising six or seven feet. Yet with that hesitating fluctuation given to the crest of advancing waves by back water, where the sea is shallow; first sharp and high and nodding, then extending for a moment, then rising again to break, showing the sunlight clear through their body as they bent over, and five or six ranges of them coming in at a time.

The love of the detail of nature is an aspect of the Victorian poetic spirit which so often equipped itself with binoculars or microscope. There is a piety before scenic, geological and botanical fact. In this diary Ruskin is seen at the point of decision between turning such observation into painting or literature. He became the word-painter, and prose water-colourist; in his painting he was no more than a copyist, excellent only in his specimen-like drawings of rocks and flowers. In painting—it is very odd—he had no imagination; no intrepid, vital or insinuating touch; no spell at all.

Ruskin's famous account of the ground of Gothic architecture as a bird might see it flying from the Mediterannean to the north, vividly suggests that the greed of his eye would have responded to the new aerial view of the design and structure of the earth now available to us. But to live by the eye is not all delight. He was assailed by a sudden sense of corruption and evil in some sights. And how was it that those who turned their back upon "Beauty," like the nursemaids he saw chatting in the Pincio, were happy, whereas he who "could perceive materials of the highest mental pleasure" about him, so often failed to get the reward of perception? A pair of "moustachioed beasts" walked by, switching their boots and shouting happily, whereas he

> was tormented with vague desires of possessing all the beauty that I saw, of keeping every outline and colour in my mind and pained at the knowledge that I must forget it all. . . . The present glory is of no use to me; it hurts me from my fear of losing it, and yet I know that were I to stay here it would soon cease to be beauty to me—that it *has* ceased already to produce the impression and the delight. . . . I believe the only part of a journey really enjoyable to be the first six weeks, when every feeling is fresh and the dread of losing what we love is lost in the delirium of possession.

This passage, astonishing in its clarity, was written at the age of 21. In his isolation Ruskin's eye, brain and sensibility had already travelled far beyond the common experience of his years.

The odd result of Ruskin's moral fervour in art was to turn him at last into a writer who simply said whatever came into his head; and it has been pointed out that his taste remained arrested and incurious. He was a dilettante. If he introduced the sense of personal adventure into criticism, it was egoistically at the expense of artistic adventure; and it has always been difficult, so changeable and contradictory was he, to sort out exactly what he meant for any length of time. His political influence, on the other

* *The Diaries of John Ruskin.* 1835-1847. Edited by JOAN EVANS and JOHN HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. *Oxford.* 70*s.*

† *Ruskin's Letters from Venice.* 1851-1852. Edited by JOHN LEWIS BRADLEY. *Oxford: Yale.* 40*s.*

‡ *John Ruskin.* By PETER QUENNELL. *Longmans: British Council.* 2*s.*

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hand, was well founded, though he inherited his politics from Carlyle and was not original. The very contradictions of his political position—his fervour for the workmen, his contempt for their political liberty, his mixture of prophetic disdain and moral encouragement for their cause—were its strength; for any class, in its waking (or its declining moments), is violently conscious of going two ways at once. The gift of Carlyle and Ruskin was that they did not address the sense of justice or cause, but rather played upon what we really value more: our imaginative view of ourselves as endowed souls. These prophets addressed not the outer but the inner life and populated it with images, set moving the confused spirit of possibility.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Death

"His face shone" she said,
"Three days I had him in my house,
Three days before they took him from his bed,
And never have I felt so close.

"Always alive he was
A little drawn away from me.
Looks are opaque when living and his face
Seemed hiding something, carefully.

"But those three days before
They took his body out, I used to go
And talk to him. That shining from him bore
No secrets. Living, he never looked or
answered so".

Sceptic I listened, then
Noted what peace she seemed to have,
How tenderly she put flowers on his grave
But not as if he might return again
Or shine or seem quite close:
Rather to please us were the flowers she gave.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

14 July 1956

The rockets bubble upward and explode;
The colours scale the slopes of sky and fall.
A few look up; somebody says "that's all";
No sigh or shudder rises from the crowd.
They must be here because they want to be.

We chatter to the crowd in French and nods;
Shake hands, and pick up children; claim that we
Are also equal, free and brotherly.
The troubled sky suggests the wrath of gods.
"Always the same," a woman says, and goes.

The fireworks scatter to the ground and die:
Just as the conscript gazers, each one knows,
Might parachute upon their gazing foes:
Invaders from a foreign century.
I hear a whisper scratching at my ear—

An ancient hag drew back her lips to breathe
Her ecstasy upon the festive air.
She might well be the oldest woman there
—Or so the concentration in her teeth
And damp absorption in her eyes suggest.

A wisp of gesture spirals from her wrist
Towards the crimson sky. The oldest there?
The sky turns gold. I wonder if for her
Algeria or 'eighty-nine exist.
The fading sparks find mirrors in her eyes.

Who are the fireworks for? Old hags, old men,
Children up late, and straggling foreigners?
No-one is old enough to know the cause,
Or young enough to feel he is not in
A troubled crowd beneath a troubled sky.

L. D. LERNER

Bloody Resolution

The Arab-Israeli War, 1948. By EDGAR O'BALLANCE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Bedouin Command. By LIEUT. COLONEL PETER YOUNG. *Kimber.* 21*s.*

It was foolish, even a little blameworthy, of Major O'Ballance not to make more frank acknowledgement of his sources. His reticence has left him vulnerable to the charge of plagiarism which has already been brought against him. It is alleged that he has lifted large chunks, without acknowledgement, from earlier works—so crudely that errors and omissions have been taken over bodily. In reply to these charges, the basic facts of which seem not to be contested, one can say that the purpose of the book is avowedly to provide a purely military account of a campaign which has been much written about before; that the publishers emphasise that Major O'Ballance has "consulted . . . the published accounts" of the war; that in an unsatisfactory Acknowledgement, which derives an odd highlight from the circumstances in which it must now be read, he thanks "collectively"—and anonymously—the "many, many people" who helped him. This is not an adequate defence. But Major O'Ballance's accusers are a long way from convicting him of dishonourable behaviour. He is an inexperienced writer and a neophyte historian: his fault may be a failure to appreciate the disciplines and proprieties of the historical method rather than any desire to deceive. Such blame as exists must be shared—in what proportion only they can say—between him and his publisher.

The reason for dragging this unhappy business before the reader is that Major O'Ballance has still, in my view, written a very good book which deserves to be seriously noticed. His summing up of the Arab-Israeli war is lucid, objective, tactically shrewd and of real value as a professional appraisal of the armies engaged, the arms they used and the terrain on which they fought. With all its faults, it remains the best-judged and most perceptive story of the campaign that I have come across and it will certainly commend itself to students of war.

Major O'Ballance establishes three central points which seem to me of continuing and current relevance. The first is that, once the right of the Jews is granted to establish a state at all, the responsibility for the war which followed lies at the door of the Arabs. It was they who launched the invasion of Israel; they who were mainly responsible for the breakdown of the first truce; and they who, defeated in battle, took refuge in an armistice which they will not convert into peace. Secondly, the Arab armies were, with one important exception, hopelessly beaten in the field by the Israeli army, which, starting from nothing, developed under the stress of war into an efficient, modern and highly mobile fighting force. The exception was the Arab Legion, which gave as good as it got and which was responsible for biting out of the area, which nature—if not the U.N.—might have earmarked for the state of Israel, the ever-dangerous salient of western Jordan. Thirdly, the relative success of the Arab Legion was based on two disparate factors—the strength and strategic value of its positions round Latrun, which throughout the campaign gravely inhibited the Israeli power of manoeuvre; and the sound military qualities of its British officers, both seconded and employed.

These lessons must today be present in the minds of the leaders of Israel. The Arabs maintain their blockade and will increasingly seek to blackmail the western powers into joining it. Life in Israel is now about the hardest in any civilised country: it could easily become a slow starvation. At the same time the west Jordan salient—and to a lesser extent the Gaza strip, where the Egyptians enfilade the approaches to the northern Negev—constitute a permanent threat to Israel's very existence.

The insurance? An efficient, but underequipped, army which is denied an adequate field of manoeuvre within its present frontiers; the

pressure of pro-Zionist opinion on the great powers, most of whom have sought to base their Middle East policies on the goodwill of the feudal Arab rulers; the power of the U.N. to halt an aggression before Israel could be cut in pieces. Not, it may be thought, very adequate insurance for a victim who may at any moment be invited to choose between death by strangulation or by a thousand cuts.

Ben-Gurion has a tormenting complex of factors to consider. He must calculate the change in the Arab armies since 1949: some at least have improved. He must try to assess (and finally, perhaps, gamble on) the reaction of the West to a crisis involving the survival of Israel: he may reckon that Britain, like Egypt, is not at the moment well-placed for action in Israel. He must calculate whether he is likely to grow relatively weaker or stronger as time passes. He must guess how quickly the U.N. would act—whether for Israel or her enemies. It is at least possible he may reach the conclusion that the course of bloody resolution holds the fewest risks. If so, he is left with the simpler task of making a purely military appreciation. I could not read Major O'Ballance—or Colonel Young, whose blinkered, but touchingly honest, account of his service with the Legion shows how much the British officers did for Jordan and, just as clearly if less intentionally, why they got the boot—without concluding that the Legion is still the biggest single factor in the Israeli military appreciation; that its fortress at Latrun, on which the west Jordan salient remains anchored, was enormously weakened when, at the close of the war, the Egyptians withdrew from the Asluj-El Auja axis and the Faluja pocket; that its chain of command has probably been shattered by over-hasty eviction of the British officers. Might not the salient—the dagger thrust at Tel Aviv—at last be broken off and the bounds of Israel extended to their natural and defensible frontier on the River Jordan? If I found myself in Ben-Gurion's shoes—and if the appreciation *could* be a purely military one—I believe I should have a go. But quickly. Before the chance is gone.

JOHN FREEMAN

Enchanted World

My Family and Other Animals. By GERALD DURRELL. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The various ingredients in Mr. Gerald Durrell's new book combine to make it an even more enchanting spell-binder than any of his previous records of zoological adventure. First, the scene is Corfu, and the lovely island's delicious aspects of sea and land are evoked with the sharp, delicate and exquisite precision of poetry; the environment has the magic of a dream. Secondly, this world is experienced by the budding zoologist during the enchanted years between ten and fifteen; recorded with the literary gifts of the adult writer, it is observed with the determined objective curiosity of a highly intelligent small boy, whose destiny it is to seek and find small animals, terrestrial, air-borne, and marine. Single-minded and ruthless, in the teeth of frequent furious protests from his outraged family, he pursues his researches, returning from his solitary excursions triumphantly laden with small creatures in jars, with geckos and scorpions (concealed in matchboxes, so that those who open them get stung) water snakes (placed in the bath, which annoys would-be bathers), a nest of infant magpies, who wreck Larry's room and tear up his manuscripts, a baby owl, a destructive gull, a huge terrapin, various kinds of rare spiders, two enormous toads, and small marine creatures of all types.

The marvels of this magic world of creatures, the fantastic beauty of their haunts, and the single-minded questing of the young zoologist, would be enough to make a book. But there is also his family, the inconsequent, devoted mother, two elder brothers and a love-prone sister: Larry, the poet and writer, Leslie the gunman, Margo. Larry's account of his own later sojourn on Corfu, *Prospero's Cell*, we already have. It would now be interesting to have his account of the events here narrated by his small brother, usually called by him and Leslie "that bloody boy." The life led by the Durrells was at once haphazard and purposeful; each masculine Durrell had his own hobby, which he firmly pursued, regardless of objections lodged by the rest of the family. They moved from villa to villa, because the first was too small to put up the literary friends invited by Larry to stay; the second was large enough to accommodate visitors they did not want, so they moved to a third, which saw them out till they left the island with no more apparent reason than that which brought them there. The family life has the incoherence, turmoil and quarrels, the casual insouciance, the self-assertions, egotisms and recriminations, of real family life, each member pursuing his separate way with the anti-social driving-power of dynamos.

The island is also peopled with animated islanders, some of whom become, in succession, Gerald's random and unpurposeful tutors. Round all this human and animal life shimmers the silky blue of the Corfu sea, in which and beside which the Durrells spend half their amphibious days.

> We would . . . drift face down . . . occasionally diving to bring up something that caught our eye . . . Treading water and peering down, we could see below the shining, narrow fronds of green and black weeds . . . over which we hung like hawks suspended in air above a strange woodland. . . .

It is refreshing to meet, among all the sensitive juveniles of autobiography and fiction, one whose sensitiveness is all extrovert and outward, whose perceptions are focused on the strange woodlands of earth and sea which harbour the treasures that he seeks.

ROSE MACAULAY

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New Novels

The Tribe that Lost its Head. By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The Very Man. By STANLEY KAUFFMANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The colour problem must stand very high in the list of favoured subjects for novelists at the moment, and Mr. Monsarrat weighs in with one of the longer and more ambitious propaganda efforts. In order to make his case he invents a small British Protectorate, Pharamaul, gives it a port and a semi-industrialised South, and an agricultural North inhabited by a backward peasant tribe, the Maulas, and beyond them again a small degenerate offshoot, the U-Maulas. The island is governed on the traditional English pattern with a Governor, District Commissioners, Secretaries and so on, all responsible to the appropriate Government department in Whitehall, and the novel embraces the activities of all of these.

The details of this invented territory are sufficiently convincing and full to allow us to study the problem the author raises in isolation. The crisis in the island is set off by the arrival of the young Chief-designate of the Maulas who has been educated at Oxford and is returning to take up his inheritance. And for the first third of the novel we may think that we are in for an interesting and refreshingly different view of the problem. Those most commonly presented nowadays are what might be called the Black case and the Pink. Mr. Monsarrat is evidently to remind us that there is also the British Colonial case, and that it needs stating. Very well. We are ready enough to be reminded of it, on the single condition that Mr. Monsarrat plays fair, and at the beginning he seems to be going to. The young Chief-designate is sympathetically presented, as a serious and bewildered young man in a hopelessly anomalous position. Accepted at Oxford, comparatively unrestricted in London, fêted in Nigeria, tolerated in Rhodesia, and rudely colour-barred in South Africa, he is faced now with taking up the chieftainship of a tribe of some hundred thousand people whose ways he left behind at the age of fifteen. He has modest hopes for their improvement and advancement.

He is early rebuffed. The men who are governing the island are representative of the best type of the old-time English Colonial Service, conscientious, devoted, scrupulous, just and paternal. Here, one supposes, then, is to be the conflict. Such people believe that the Natives are children; they agree that eventually they must be helped to grow up; but they give some excuse to those who say that their "eventually" means a future so far distant that it is virtually the same as "never." But even so remote an island as Pharamaul cannot be cut off completely from the currents of opinion shaping events in the rest of the world, and the Oxford-educated Chief is the symbol of these currents.

So far, so good. Mr. Monsarrat has a sympathetic understanding of the Service mind; he appreciates its special qualities. But he doesn't, at first, burke the other side of the picture. The refusal by the local hotel-owner to serve drinks to the Chief-designate in the White man's bar, the tactless "ticking-off" administered to him by the District Commissioner, the anti-"nigger" talk of the White settlers—he gives these their weight and they will, in the end, set off a revolt among the Maulas, a sudden outburst of violence which throws the tribe back on its primitive superstition leading to the appalling and bestial oath-takings and the killing of all White men in sight.

All this is vividly and terrifyingly described, but unfortunately by this time it is Mr. Monsarrat who has lost his head. As the conflict mounts, he completely abdicates from his novelist's impartiality, forgets what his story is supposed to be about, lines up behind the Service mind and rampages like an old *Morning Post* leader against the world as it is. The press (as old-fashioned Servicemen have always believed) is the whole trouble, unscrupulously stirring up discontent out of sheer malice. And he invents not one, but five newspaper men of a wholly incredible nastiness to do this job, aided by a ninny left-wing priest and a wicked young cousin of the Chief-designate. There is no longer any pretence of a serious and honest presentation of the conflict, and the book degenerates into a schoolboy's dream of Empire minding. This is a pity. Mr. Monsarrat is surely equipped to do better. He had only to make his journalist (however wrong-headed he thought him) high-minded, and his priest sincere, to produce in little the kind of conflict which, appallingly, exists. As it is, instead of bringing any sort of clarification to the issues, his book can only deepen prejudices and bedevil issues which are, alas, only soluble in terms of human lives.

The Very Man is by the author of *The Philanderer*, which was the subject of a prosecution for obscenity in 1954. But the prurient will not find much satisfaction in it, and the author is as interested in the business of life as that of love. It is a highly intelligent, most percipient, absorbingly interesting novel, and I say this in defiance of those who might want to put it down after the first quarter of an hour. Mr. Kauffmann has, it is true, one dreadful fault, an addiction to an appalling form of badinage which he reports not, I guess, because he realises how appalling it is, but because he mistakes it for wit. The girl is speaking to her hero about living with her mother:

> "It's not that I always agree with her. Or that I just want to go on—well, it's not all so hotsy-totsy living with her as much as I love her. It's complicated."
>
> "Do you know something," he said solemnly, "That's life."
>
> "Kindly drop down dead," she said with a shrug.

Then again Mr. Kauffmann is dealing with the business world, and he accepts and takes over its jargon in a surprisingly insensitive way for a writer who is going to turn out so sensitive in the end. Indeed his beginning, though extremely expert in laying out neatly, clearly and briskly the premises on which the story is to be built, promises a much less acute study of human relations than we are to get, and the author's design is at fault in not letting us see his purposes earlier. It all seems too slick, flip and smart, but this is because Nick, the hero of the novel, has made his ambition to fit himself into just this kind of world. His upbringing has been the American equivalent of county, and his mother has indeed married an English stately home. Nick, in revolt against it, has made himself not an artist but an industrial designer, and a good one, for he has been determined to prove to himself that he can surmount the disadvantages of his privileged background and fit himself into a world that he regards (romanticises, if you like) as by comparison "real." The compromises with what his young girl thinks of as his "integrity"—compromises inevitable in the world of production and sales promotion—he congratulates himself upon as evidence of his ability to achieve a greater reality sense. The inner story of the novel is his discovery of how much self-deception is involved in this attitude. He has to come through to accepting the background he thinks he has escaped from, and it is his girl friend, the uncertain little perfectionist, Del, who inadvertently makes him see it.

The surface story—and this is Mr. Kauffmann's art—is altogether less subtle and more noisy and vulgar than this; it describes, arrestingly, his relations with Del, paralleled with his relations with the business world for which he designs. This world is vividly re-created, and the minor characters, the tycoons and middlemen, their work and their methods, are excellently done. We may find it a rather horrifying world, but Mr. Kauffmann's description of it is completely convincing. Perhaps for perfection the end is a little soft-centred (though it is a tribute to Mr. Kauffmann's story-telling that we long for Nick to get his girl), but the growth of self-awareness is admirably conveyed, and it is dovetailed with a satisfying precision into the turns and folds of a particularly interesting story, which has about it just that sense of the real about which the author is writing.

RICHARD LISTER

Capability Crowe

Tomorrow's Landscape. By SYLVIA CROWE. *Architectural Press.* 21*s.*

The experts call it a problem of density: I call it too many people. By whatever name it is known this is the prime cause of the ruin threatening one of the loveliest countries in the world. Yet perhaps it is wrong to state it in these terms, for the damage caused by our excessive population takes many forms and some of them can be lessened or even stopped. That is one of the great virtues of Sylvia Crowe's excellent book: instead of despairing in face of the whole ghastly mess, she looks at it as dispassionately as a good doctor, diagnosing the troubles from the largest to the smallest and prescribing for them one by one. No particular is too minute for her, from the species of shrubs suitable for by-pass roads to means for harmonising gasometers.

After a general survey that gives full recognition to the overriding power of geological and climatic influences on landscape, she quarters her subject between the ancient divisions of wild country, farmlands and towns, and the altogether new territory that she calls the "townsman's country." All have their special problems, but it is surprising how many of the remedies appeal finally to one great principle: the need for the works of man to respect those of nature. Roads and plantations should follow contours; mining and quarrying be checked when they threaten the

Chester Bowles

American Ambassador to India 1951-1953, makes a plea for a re-appraisal by the Atlantic Powers of their African, Asian and Middle Eastern policy.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

significant form of hills and mountains; planting by highways should be in keeping with the natural vegetation. Dams, bridges and viaducts must be kept in scale with the landscape instead of dwarfing it. Only in towns can man have it all his own way, planting flowers and trees to flatter his architecture and making parks as elegantly artificial as possible.

Miss Crowe's interest is entirely the visual one of a landscape designer, a democratic and country-wide Capability Brown. She does not mention the destruction of antiquities and wild life that all the efforts of individuals and Societies are still failing to check. Nor does she consider crimes against the ears. A wild landscape will not refresh the soul if jets are cleaving it with their dreadful shrieks; nor will the best urban planning make civilised life possible if our cities are to be invaded by those diabolical little motor bicycles that have already banished all delight from the streets of France and Italy.

On the question of the regeneration of our landscape Miss Crowe considers the two greatest needs are to plant trees and reclaim waste land. She attributes the authorities' reluctance to plant trees to "an atavistic harking back to the fears of primitive man"; I, on the other hand, am convinced that they hate them, seeing them as a nuisance with their untidy habits of growing and shedding leaves. We all know with what eagerness the official axe is laid against their trunks. The reclamation of waste land is evidently even more important; as Miss Crowe says "every piece of land which has been removed from the care of nature must be adopted by someone if it is not to become derelict." The truth of this is dreadfully proved to us by the moribund acres lying round our towns and factories—grey, weedy, cluttered with concrete and scrap iron and nourishing at the most an ancient horse. Miss Crowe sees the bulldozer, turned from enemy into ally, used to create artificial landscape on a scale impossible in the eighteenth century. It could be used to revive these melancholy waste lands as well as to improve the siting of new towns and housing estates.

There are plenty of good ideas. Is there any hope of seeing them carried out? We make plans, we even pass laws, but the damage goes on. In my own neighbourhood, for example, the noble cliffs above the Needles are being hacked about to make a rocket-testing station, while the New Forest is threatened with five thousand acres of coniferous plantation that will help to destroy its native plants and birds. I am a fanatic in these matters. I believe that amenity and beauty should only exceptionally be sacrificed to economic pressures, instead of vice versa—that the greater outrages such as opencast mining and lime-working in the Derbyshire dales should be brought to an end. I believe that all our telegraph wires and cables should be put underground. I am even inclined to think that, if necessary, some of the money spent on public health in the limited sense might with advantage be diverted to redeeming our environment. If it were necessary, but of course it is not. Once offences against town and country were recognised to be as much crimes as stealing or the breaking of sanitary laws, ways would be found to end them. There is no field where people are more inclined to use the word "impossible" to save trouble and expenditure.

There is still time to minimise further damage, to repair much that has been done already. Is Britain capable of the necessary effort, the change of values? It could be one of the most joyous and rewarding campaigns of peace.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Dent's have reissued, in the Master Musicians series (10s. 6d. each volume), Arthur Hutchings's *Schubert*, Joan Chissell's *Schumann* and Rosemary Hughes's *Haydn*. G. J. Renier's *The English: Are They Human?* appears from Benn (15s.) with a new preface for the twenty-fifth birthday edition.

Statues Round a Cenotaph

Cockleshell Heroes. By C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

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Cockleshell Heroes is a set-piece adventure story. It was the naval equivalent of assassination. A job which could have been done on the grand scale by a mass-bomber raid, or less certainly by the landing of a Dieppe-type invasion force of 50,000 men, was in fact done by four men in two canoes, the survivors of a little flotilla of five which slipped up the Gironde to destroy six enemy ships at Bordeaux. Colonel Hasler, the leader of the party and one of the only two who escaped with his life, spurred them on by telling them that "After all, it's a good deal less dangerous than a bayonet charge." In fact, it wasn't, because the Germans shot their prisoners, and it was certainly little less frightening. Mr. Lucas Phillips, who tells Hasler's story for him, happily unencumbered by the modesty which autobiography imposes upon the other three books, has conveyed even better than the film the determination of this man. Caught full in the beam of a German sentry's torch as he was attaching the limpet mines, Hasler was able to feign immobility well enough to be taken for a floating log. Having survived such experiences, how he must have hated the imitation! Retained as an adviser for the making

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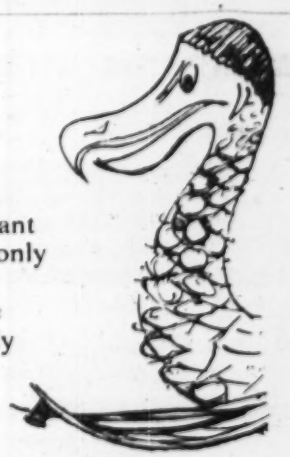

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of the film, he saw his exploit reproduced "for technical reasons" in the Tagus instead of the Gironde, and distorted by such additions as the frogman's suit, which did not even exist at the time of the actual operation. All this has been put straight by Mr. Phillips's book. Every detail of the training, planning and execution is recorded, every bootlace is shown stowed in its right place in the canoe, every mile between the open sea and Bordeaux is carefully charted. Finally the book tells what the film did not, the story of the escape to Spain. It is good enough not to come as an anti-climax.

Group-Captain Johnson (two bars to his D.S.O., one to his D.F.C.) deserves to be the R.A.F.'s cockleshell hero, as his beloved Spit is his cockleshell, but hitherto other names have eclipsed his, perhaps because he was too young to have taken part in the Battle of Britain, a *sine-qua-non* for ace status. With the publication of his book, I don't see how he can any longer avoid adulation. "Dear Johnnie," says Douglas Bader in a foreword, "I did not know that you could read and write. . . ." But this is a splendid book." It is more than that. It is not fair that a single person should be so variously endowed. There was all that courage, gaiety, power of leadership, good looks, success, survival—and on top of it, he is able to write it all down, ten years later, as if he had been born with a pen between his fingers instead of merely a joy-stick. There must have been a careful diary, because no memory could record this degree of detail about Messerschmitts, fellow-pilots, moods, dog-fights, and conversations in pubs and duty-rooms. But he also has a new way of treating this familiar material. It is as if he acquired from his weaving air-battles the capacity to see everything in three dimensions, so that his narrative is not simply a flat setting-down of one day after another, one incident being a corrected carbon-copy of its predecessor, but it drifts and eddies from ground level to 20,000 feet, and never loses its cohesion. As he is now in the Air Ministry in charge of air tactics, it is natural that there should also be a good deal of technical discussion which reads to a layman like a description of untangling a ball of wool. If any additional link were needed between the technique and the spirit, the job and the person, it can be found in a remarkable frontispiece, a portrait of the author sitting in his cockpit in 1943, eyes cast down with strain, furrows marked on his young face with the precision of grease-paint, one chipped tooth, but otherwise apparently unscarred.

There is no portrait of Cyril Rofe in *Against the Wind*, but I picture him as physically a small man, and sharp as nails. He escaped so often from his Polish prison-camps that he should have chalked up his escapes on his bunk, as fighter pilots drew little swastikas on their fuselages. To him escape was not a game, and recapture an unlucky throw. He felt a personal animosity for the Germans which has not been dimmed by time. The guard who did his job properly by imposing discipline is still a swine, the guard who turned a blind eye in return for cigarettes is still quite a decent chap. He doesn't pretend compassion now when he felt none then, and his toughness is not unpleasant because it was so frankly determined. The end of his story is magnificent: a charge with the Cossacks through the German lines. This is not the first time that a cavalry charge has brought out the best writing in a man, but the succeeding month's delay imposed by the Red Army's red tape before he could even go on to Moscow, brought out his patience, a quality which until that moment I did not know Mr. Rofe possessed.

Stand by for Action is a water-colour beside these brilliant canvases. Commander Donald had a less diverse and less individual war. He served in, and later commanded, the smaller warships in Norway, at Anzio, on D Day, and for a period of three years he escorted the East Coast convoys. This useful service would have made the material for a better novel than autobiography, for while the variety of naval circumstance is infinite, the variety of atmosphere is not, and it is not easy to record a succession of small and rather similar events, tamed by discretion and enlivened only by recollected samples of wardroom humour. "Only" is unfair. There is a good description of the bombardment of the Normandy coast on D Day, when the subject at last lifts the writing to its proper level. And the reader could forgive Commander Donald anything for his frankness in describing how he ran his ship aground a few hours later. "I felt absolutely sick with shame and anger." After that, the tail of the book is naturally between its legs.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Reason of State

The Reason of State and The Greatness of Cities. By GIOVANNI BOTERO. Translated by P. J. WALEY. *Routledge.* 32*s.*

In the seventeenth century Giovanni Botero was a great name. He was the Machiavelli of the Counter-Reformation, whose great work, running through eighty editions, popularised, if it did not create, a new term in politics. It was translated, quoted, praised even by political adversaries. It was the Bible of petty Catholic princes, the clients of the Habsburgs, and of Catholic conspirators like the Gunpowder Plotters. Modern historians have described Botero as the most important Italian political writer in the century after Machiavelli, the greatest of the long series of anti-Machiavels. And yet who now reads him? For that matter, who reads any of the anti-Machiavels? Machiavelli has survived all his critics. If we want to see the reason, it is worth while to read Botero's once famous book *Ragion di Stato*, "The Reason of State", first published in 1589.

Like other anti-machiavellians—Possevino, Ribadeneyra—Botero was of the Jesuit school. He was never admitted to final vows in the Society, but he studied under the Jesuits in Sicily, remained always their admiring disciple, and when he died, in 1617, bequeathed his property to them, and was buried in their church in Turin. Before becoming tutor and secretary to his own prince, the Duke of Savoy, he had been secretary to one of the most famous of Counter-Reformation prelates, St. Charles Borromeo, a patron of the Jesuits who, as Archbishop of Milan, had the ingenious idea of burning Protestants as wizards and witches when the law of the land did not permit them to suffer as heretics. This idea would have appealed to the archbishop's secretary, who shuddered at the thought of heresy. If it seems to us slightly "machiavellian", we should remember that the Counter-Reformation did not disapprove of Machiavelli's methods, only of his aims. Believing that there was a science of politics, Machiavelli would have used it to shake up the rotten princes of Italy. His Counter-Reformation opponents would use the same science to preserve those princes—provided, of course, that they did what they were told from Rome.

All this is very obvious in Botero's work. Like certain modern conservatives, who see communism round every corner and appeal to religious reaction as the only preservative against it, Botero's ultimate political philosophy was that "governments must preserve themselves at all costs" and that clericalism is the best pickle in which to preserve them. The chief danger, he assured the Italian princes, is always internal. However, thanks to long study and observation, he could tell them the secret of survival. Let them hide under the skirts of the Holy Father and the good King of Spain, let them boost monks and priests and never touch their sacred property, and then all will be well, they will keep their twopenny thrones. Moreover, if they do this, there is no sharp practice in which they may not indulge and which the Holy Father will not approve. The end justifies the means—provided that the end is, directly or indirectly, the elimination of heresy and the good of religion, that is to say, of the clergy: "for how can you honour religion, which

is invisible, if you have no esteem for the clergy, who are before your eyes?" Such, in brief, is the philosophy of Botero, which he illustrates with observations from China to Peru, quotations from Tacitus and Livy: that Livy from whom Machiavelli had also drawn his far more stimulating conclusions.

Of course, there are passages of incidental interest in *The Reason of State*. Botero was a great reader. Apart from the classics, he had read and digested a much greater work than his own on political science: Jean Bodin's *Six Livres de la République*. He was also a great observer, a great questioner of travellers from the outer world. He had an interest in economics. He was fascinated by China. In his minor work, *On the Greatness and Magnificency of Cities*, which also had great success in its day, these virtues are clearly shown. What other writer of his time mixes so freely the Ganges and the Mekong with the Tiber and the Po, the markets of Canton and Malacca with those of Seville and Lisbon, the laws of the Emperor Wu-Ti with those of King Philip or the Pope? No doubt this, too, was due to Jesuit influence. Botero wrote in the heroic age of the Jesuits in the East, the age of Valignano in Japan and Ricci in China. If his mean and timid *Reason of State* reflects the policy of the Jesuits in Italy, where they were safe, his *Greatness of Cities* reflects the wonderful story of their missionary wanderings in the East: an epic or romance comparable with the less spiritual achievements of the Spanish seamen and conquistadors in Mexico and Peru.

This edition of these two works of Botero is competent, readable and excellently produced, an admirable companion volume to Fr. Walker's edition of Machiavelli's *Disorsi* in Dr. Stark's series "Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science". The translation of the *Greatness of Cities* is the Jacobean version by Robert Peterson. *The Reason of State* has been newly translated by Mr. P. J. Waley. My only criticism, apart from a single odd mistranslation (on p. 57 *il re Perseo* is not the King of Persia but Perseus King of Macedon), is that the editing is so very unambitious. Mr. Waley has simply translated, footnotes and all, the Italian edition of Luigi Firpo. The introduction, by Mr. D. P. Waley, is excessively skimpy. Foreign scholars—the late Professor Meinecke in Germany, Professor Chabod in Italy—have written admirably about Botero and his work. If he is worth introducing to Englishmen, he is worth a little more explanation than he gets here. His work may not be very important in itself, but it occupies an important position in the history of the idea which he christened and which is not yet dead or even, alas, discredited: Reason of State.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Aristotle Alive

Aristotle's Poetics. By HUMPHRY HOUSE. *Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

At the time of his death Humphry House had a considerable and growing reputation as a scholar and critic. Then the essays and broadcasts which appeared under the title *All In Due Time* showed that he was also a good journalist. And now this small book, the text (revised by Colin Hardie) of eight lectures delivered to freshmen in the English School at Oxford, makes it abundantly clear that he was a very remarkable teacher. Faced with a crowd of Greekless children of eighteen or nineteen who were (and still are) required to sit a paper on the *Poetics* as part of their Preliminary Examination, he produced an introduction to the subject which does its job wonderfully well and leaves a clear impression, rough and familiar though the writing often is, of House's agile, resolute and humane intelligence.

The initial difficulties are pointed out: the loss of a second book of the *Poetics* and of the Dialogue *On the Poets*; the laconic, lecture-note style of the book that survives; the need to make cross-references to Aristotle's ethical writings, to the *Rhetoric* and *Politics*; the need to understand something of the Platonic doctrines against which Aristotle was reacting. The main themes of the *Poetics* are then discussed, with due regard to the scholarship of the last two or three decades—in particular, the work of Jaeger and Rostagni—that has put the older commentaries in need of modification. Here and there the book breaks new ground. House's argument that the requirement of "appropriateness" should be related to differences in legal and customary status rather than in types of character struck me as both new and convincing. And his treatment of *catharsis* proves that the subject has not been squeezed as dry as one had supposed.

There is one big gap in that House does not attempt an extended account of the parent-concept of *mimesis*—wisely, perhaps, since he could not have done so without becoming deeply involved in Aristotle's metaphysics. He never loses sight of his audience, though at the same time he never condescends; and his editor has carried on the work of revision and occasional amplification in the same spirit. In truth this is a much better advertisement than Oxford lecturing deserves.

JOHN JONES

The Man With the Bicycle Wheel

Family and Neighbourhood. By J. M. MOGEY. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

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clinometer and can bring back a fair map. Our explorations of social space are like the efforts of the man with the bicycle wheel: we have many observations, few measurements, and our instruments are not precise, though they serve a useful purpose.

In this modest analogy Mr. Mogey describes the work which he and his helpers began in 1950 for the Oxford Pilot Social Survey. The study is of the social behaviour of two groups of working people in Oxford, the first living in an obsolescent housing area dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century, near the centre of the city, and the other in a new post-war housing estate on the outer fringe of Oxford. Lest it should be thought that this is one more effort at following in the familiar tracks of Booth and Rowntree it should be made clear that the survey was deliberately subjective in its approach. The primary object was to record and analyse what people thought and said about the way they lived, rather than amass objective facts about incomes, bathrooms, and attendance at church. For this purpose it was decided to use the method of the open interview—and so in due course some thirty sample households in each of the two areas received a knock on the door, destined to be the first of a series of interviews by a trained social investigator. All this was exploratory and limited, designed to point the way for a larger survey, rather than itself an investigation of a particular problem.

Nevertheless, the book does contain material which is valuable in its own right. The evidence of the beneficial influences of environment is such as to gladden the heart of any old Owenite, and the coal-in-the-bath pessimists will find little support for their beliefs. Not that the move to a new housing estate has automatically produced a more cheerful and contented race of wage-earners. Radical changes in social and family attitudes there certainly have been in two-thirds of the households on the new estate, but only in about half of these families can the changes be regarded as favourable in the sense that they have made for more satisfying conditions of living. Moreover, the families on the housing estate are much more critical of their superior houses than is the case with the inhabitants of the obsolescent (often condemned) houses in central Oxford. This does not mean that the families on the new estate wish to return to their former abodes, but that the new surroundings have stepped up their expectations and aspirations.

The really lasting impression that the book produces, however, is not the contrast but the underlying similarity between life in the old and the new areas. The widespread poverty of resources for social living is the dominant characteristic of the working-class life here described. The lack of indigenous leadership, the scarcity of real friendship, the low level of participation in voluntary associations, job frustration—all are amply demonstrated in the survey and serve to emphasise the limited social and intellectual horizons of normal working-class life. This of course is not new. But it is useful to have it competently documented, even if at times it takes a page of graphs to show that Oxford workers eat their breakfasts between 7 and 8 and their tea between 5 and 6.

J. F. C. HARRISON

Doctor to Patient

This Hospital is My Home. By DR. S. R. CUTOLO. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The cause of medical public relations—hard for a number of reasons, but well worth while—is variously served. We have the *Hypochondriac's Weekly*, Mr. Cronin, Mr. Sava, and more specifically didactic works without end. America has a vast literature, from Dr. DeKruif to—well, to this book, which is a portrait of New York's Bellevue Hospital written by its second in command. Such a book could be fascinating. This one is fair only. Readers of these books, it pays to remember, are all potential patients, and the most avid readers are those who are already anxious: I don't think it is unfair to my American colleagues to point out that those who write books like this one are a little inclined to be led by their public's preoccupations: cancer, insanity and the horrific. Dr. Cutolo is not much affected by this. He says nothing alarming about the first; the Psychiatric Pavilion, however, rather overshadows most of the other activities which go on in a general hospital (or used to go on when I was a student). In it we learn, incidentally, that schizophrenia is quite the commonest childhood mental disease, and that "it is believed that lack of a father and mother . . . inclines the child to grow up without a sense of guilt. It is this lack of normal guilt and anxiety that often marks the psychopath." Elsewhere, emergencies are brilliantly dealt with by Great Men, with medical terms translated in brackets, and the Doctor pulls out the 290 sliding drawers of the refrigerated mortuary to display quite a lot of the contents—this, I thought, with rather unmedical unction.

Oddly enough, while life in a great hospital has its tragic, horrible and theatrical moments, the incidents which have always stuck in the minds of reminiscent doctors have been the human and the humanely comical. They also give a much better picture of what medicine is really about than anything in this book—from which the touch which detects and appreciates them is quite lacking. From the title-page I suspect that this is not Dr. Cutolo's fault. He has had assistance, and I suspect, without evidence beyond the manner of the book, that the assistants were professional journalists in the *Time-Life* tradition. The best thing in the book is the much more Hippocratic and informative account of rehabilitation (the "third phase of medicine") and the discussion of nursing. There are one or two surprises for English medical readers—relatives are assured, for example, that if they agree to a post-mortem the pathologists may legally examine only the supposedly affected region: if this is more than reassurance to the relatives concerned, I shall look on American certification figures in a very different light after reading Dr. Cutolo.

ALEX COMFORT

Nuns with a Difference

The Case of Cornelia Connelly. By JULIANA WADHAM. *Collins.* 16*s.*

In a Great Tradition. By the BENEDICTINES OF STANBROOK. *Murray.* 25*s.*

The two nuns, the subjects of these biographies, could hardly present a more perfect contrast between the classical and the "extraordinary" vocation. Dame Laurentia McLachlan entered, at 19, the most ancient of all traditional orders. Mother Cornelia Connelly, at 37, was called upon to found—almost to improvise—an entirely new one, the now famous teaching Society of the Holy Child. Nothing about Cornelia Connelly's history conforms to the orthodox pattern. The things that happened to her both before and after she suddenly found herself a Reverend Mother are so fantastic that no novelist would dare invent them.

Mother Cornelia's life could not have followed the amazing course it did in any century but the nineteenth. Dame Laurentia's would have remained essentially the same had she been a Benedictine of the seventh. Juliana Wadham, writing purely from interest in Cornelia Connelly's case, has to rely on the evidence of critics as well as admirers in assessing the character of a long-dead woman who produced highly conflicting impressions on her contemporaries. The anonymous nuns of Stanbrook are paying a tribute to a beloved abbess who died only in 1953 and who inspired unanimous respect and affection within and without her enclosed monastery. A filial portrait by devoted daughters, bound by rule not to look for imperfections, necessarily differs from one drawn by an impartial stranger. Moreover, Mother Connelly's spiritual daughters were not, until recently, at all anxious to perpetuate her memory. Even now, though Mrs. Wadham uses much unpublished material from private sources, certain documents remained unavailable to her. She has made brilliant use of the evidence she has and it is not her fault if much about Cornelia remains obscure and baffling. Dame Laurentia's charm is so forthright that her biographers have only to let it reveal itself in her letters and conversation. The freshness, sincerity and solid spiritual wisdom of Shaw's "enclosed nun with an unenclosed mind" come out in full sunshine against the austere, but serene background. Mother Cornelia evidently had great charm, too, but she notably lacked the power to convey it in words and she had an almost terrifying power of controlling her feelings. Her biographer can only describe the incredible pressures to which she was subjected and the armour she had to develop to withstand them and which so often hid her sympathetic side. Each biography is admirable in its own way and they make a fascinating complementary pair.

Having envisaged a quiet, domestic life with an adoring husband and adored children, Cornelia Connelly suddenly found herself a public figure and the centre of every kind of abusive religious controversy. A gay, talented and exceptionally lovely American girl, married in 1831 to an Episcopalian curate in Philadelphia, she only became a Catholic when Pierce Connelly suddenly decided to change his religion. After being received in Rome and tremendously taken up by the Catholic aristocracy, they returned to lead a pious, obscure life in the States. When Cornelia was pregnant with her fifth child, Pierce announced that he wished to become a priest. After long delays, the Pope granted this rare permission, with the usual proviso that the wife must either enter a convent or remain in the world under a vow of chastity. After she had been one year a Sacred Heart postulant, the Pope, at Cardinal Wiseman's instigation, ordered Cornelia to found a brand-new order in England for educating Catholic girls.

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Hardly had she begun her almost impossible task, than Pierce, with his usual dramatic abruptness, turned violently anti-Catholic, abjured the priesthood, abducted their children and brought an action for the restitution of conjugal rights. Judgment went against her in the Court of Arches, but two years later she won her appeal. Pierce ended his life peacefully as an Episcopalian minister in Florence, but Cornelia was never to know external peace again. For the rest of her life, she was the constant subject of litigation, ecclesiastical disputes, calumny from without and treachery from within. The sweet submissive woman who had charmed Roman society was forced to become a fighter, doughtily, and not always diplomatically, defending her progressive educational ideals, her personal reputation and that of her order. Nothing could have been less like the ordered, centuries-old tradition of Benedictine *Pax* than the tempest-tossed cradle of the Holy Child. The very rule she proposed for her nuns was not ratified till after her death, thirty-three years later, so that they lived in a perpetual flux of instability. Laurentia had a genius for making friends; Cornelia developed an almost equal genius for making enemies. Laurentia's gentle end came as a personal bereavement to her community; Cornelia's could hardly wait for her agonising death to be over. So much scandal had attached to her name, that for the sake of the order's future, it was all but blotted out from the annals. Only now has it been rehabilitated to such an extent that Mother Connelly is now a potential candidate for beatification.

Yet the sensational differences between the two women are only superficial, for the deep principle of their lives was the same; wholehearted devotion to the will of God and acceptance of His demands. In one, the human personality remained intact; nature was perfected and irradiated by grace. In the other, because of the particular work she was called to do, God hardened and tempered the instrument, even beat it into a new and, to us, less attractive shape. It is only in the light of this entelechy that Dame Laurentia and Mother Cornelia can finally be studied and compared.

ANTONIA WHITE

Shorter Reviews

Michael Redgrave, Actor. By RICHARD FINDLATER. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Mr. Redgrave has sometimes, by the empirical, intellectual approach which he brings to the business of acting, chilled those critics who believe in the exclusive virtues of instinct and emotion. Mr. Findlater has now paid this serious actor the apt compliment of writing a serious book about him, unadorned by back-stage gossip or domestic anecdote. The story which it tells is simple, even austere—the professional biography of a craftsman, who approaches each new task with a questing mind and a calculating eye. Mr. Redgrave's life has been quite devoid of the usual ingredients of theatrical folklore: although his parents were actors, he was brought up in a quietly conventional way, achieving early success and suffering no great hardships; his background is indelibly upper-middle-class, and there is evidence that he might have achieved distinction in a literary career if he had not decided to become an actor instead. In short, the interest of his personality resides solely in the fact that he is a very good actor indeed, who on several occasions has risen to magnificence; and that this has been done, not by any indescribable receipt of "inspiration," but by consciously taking thought.

Mr. Findlater's great merit is that he shows us in detail how Mr. Redgrave sets about transforming himself into King Lear, John Worthing, or the mad ventriloquist of *Dead of Night*, and this makes the most exciting reading for all but gallery-screamers. It is particularly interesting to find that the Redgrave technique was originally based on the Stanislavsky "Method," which he later modified after contacts with Shakespeare and Mr. Sam Wanamaker. What would have happened, one wonders, if he had pursued this line to its ultimate end, in the Lee Strasberg territory? And what on earth would *The Deep Blue Sea* have been like if Mr. Redgrave had accepted the part (later assigned to Roland Culver) of the cuckolded Judge? Mr. Findlater persuades us that this actor can assume any role with an equal chance of success; he only doubts, quite rightly, whether we have any dramatists capable of matching his quality.

P. W.

The Private Life of Fishes. By M. CONSTANTIN-WEYER. *Bell.* 15*s.*

A major merit of this book is that it is likely to leave readers with a desire for more knowledge. It is addressed to anglers and naturalists, and gives some information on the various sorts of water in which fish live and on anatomy, as well as on natural history in the usual sense. The material presented ranges from the very elementary, such as the fact that the fins of a fish are rarely used for propulsion (they are used for steering, fanning and much else), to some quite technical data on vision. Trout, for instance, are probably not sensitive to colour, and this raises some knotty problems for dry-fly fishermen. Some other false beliefs about the abilities of fish are exposed: it has long been held that fish can hear conversations on the river bank, but in fact they are very sensitive to the vibrations caused by a careless footstep. On the learning abilities of fish M. Constantin-Weyer is not entirely coherent: he allows the possibility that some "are capable of reasoning, though it is true in a rather restricted sense." Unfortunately, he does not say in *what* sense.

The book is not confined to fresh, or even to surface, waters. We also descend into the depths, to inspect the bizarre species of the abyss: *Ceratias*, in which the adult male is little more than a large testis parasitic on the female; and others which have light-producing organs on their flanks and look like ships with illuminated port holes. Some weird forms are illustrated in excellent line drawings or photographs. The author is evidently not a zoologist, and has fallen into some irritating errors which will distract readers with biological knowledge. He also indulges in inanities, such as the reference to England "where two wars have ruined the gentry and made that noble country into a nation of cockneys." Perhaps there will be a second edition. If so, let him prune such nonsense, correct the mistakes, and put in a lot more facts about fish.

S. A. B.

Notre-Dame of Paris. By ALLEN TEMKO. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

Plan, proportion, and colour, make Paris the most beautiful capital in Europe. It has few single buildings of merit. Notre-Dame reflects these characteristics; although not the best Gothic, its place by the Seine, plumb in the centre of the town, gives an unequalled dramatic stance. This position, as Mr. Temko well knows, is more than a geographical fact. His book reveals the cathedral as the heart of a medieval community, so mixed with the fortunes of those who built it, that the historian is forced to become a biographer. Building started after the Capetians made order in France. The country turned prosperous, famine was checked, industry flourished. In this peace and prosperity the Parisians worked on their church: enormous, held together by new architectural principles, gloomy within, without the white stones over-topping court intrigues, soaring above the squalid hovels and markets. A collective expression of belief and hope and fear.

The author misses no detail; social, technical, individual, everything is mentioned: two thousand labourers, tongsmen, sculptors, masons and carriers, working for almost two hundred years; the bells—Emmanuel, Barbara, Pasquier and Thibaut; coronations, executions, riots and other political rumpuses. Finally, as the practice and the ideas of the community changed, came the decline of Notre-Dame and its restoration as a curio. If fourteen thousand packed in for the Liberation, this was the first full house in centuries. Since then the cathedral enters French history once only. During Midnight Mass, 1948, a young poet dressed as the priest due to preach climbed into the pulpit and announced the death of God. Such things do not destroy the fabric but they close the biography. Mr. Temko writes enthusiastically in rather gorgeous prose. The book is well illustrated by photographs, plans, drawings and chronological charts.

C. L.

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Result of No. 1,387

Set by Hilbrian

This is the centenary year of both Shaw and Wilde. Competitors are asked to send a 150-word extract from Wilde's *St. Joan* or Shaw's *Salome*.

Report

My thanks and apologies to those correspondents who pointed out that Wilde was born in 1854 and not, as I implied, in 1856. I can only plead that Wilde himself seems to have shared my error, and promise not to repeat it at the bi-centenary.

Even if Shaw and Wilde were not contemporaries to a year, this competition has evoked an amusing batch of parodies. They suggest perhaps that it is easier to sustain an imitation of Shaw, although parodists of Wilde's style had flashes of brilliance. Amy Hollins scored a hit:

Joan: Ah! The bells!

Dunois: She's off again—Saintsburying.

and, on the Shaw side, I liked H. J. R.'s epilogue between Herod, John and the Executioner in Limbo.

Vera Telfer wins an "Oscar" and a guinea and a half, while a like sum goes to Alice James. A guinea each to A. M. Sayers and Ronald Mason. The runners-up are Oliver Hunter and T. F. E. with Shaw parodies, and René Elvin with an extract from Wilde's *Sainte Jeanne*.

WILDE'S ST. JOAN

DAUPHIN: Where do you come from?
JOAN: A little village.
DAUPHIN: All villages are little; that is why they are villages. And as everyone leaves them they can't grow any bigger. Why have you come?
JOAN: To help you.
DAUPHIN: When a woman says that she means that she will help herself.
JOAN: And if a man says it?
DAUPHIN: A man never declares his intentions unless a woman makes him. Are yours honourable?
JOAN: Yes. Will you give me what I ask?
DAUPHIN: That is what they all say.
JOAN: Who?
DAUPHIN: All the women who come to Court. My wife doesn't like it. It takes an exceptional woman to appreciate her husband's generosity to anyone else.
JOAN: Would your wife like to be a queen?
DAUPHIN: Of course. All wives think they should be queens; that is their illusion. Sometimes their husbands encourage it unwisely; that is their collusion.
JOAN: Give me a horse and a suit of armour.
DAUPHIN: The others are more simple. They only want a carriage and a new dress. But perhaps you are subtler.

VERA TELFER

SHAW'S SALOME

HEROD: Thank you very much, my dear. And now, what reward have you chosen?
SALOME: I want John's head. On a charger.
HEROD: My dear Salome, it is high time that you outgrew these schoolgirlish notions. You must know perfectly well that it would be quite impossible. Consider my position: it is difficult enough, Heaven knows, without any indulgence in messy and undignified performances of that kind. I should be discredited at Court; I should probably have a most unpleasant interview with the High Priest; and I hardly dare contemplate the reactions of the Roman procurator, who is a very touchy man indeed. Besides, John is a very intelligent fellow, and I have no intention of removing the only man in the Palace with whom I can have five minutes' conversation without being bored to distraction. Moreover, I have your mother's feelings to consider.
SALOME: (*sweetly*) It was Mother's idea.
HEROD: You're mad, child! Whatever can you have against John?
SALOME: He's awfully wicked—and he's been rude to Mummy.
HEROD: Ha! I might have guessed that your mother was at the bottom of this! Well, I won't be a party to her wretched feminine spite—that's flat!
SALOME: But papa, a promise is a promise.
HEROD: Damnation! Don't call me papa—I'm not your papa, thank heaven. Don't you know I couldn't do what you ask, even if I wanted to? John's an awful crank, but he's a good fellow. Besides, he tells me he comes from God. I know nothing about that, but I have to be on the safe side. Don't you women understand *anything?*
SALOME: Yes. Herod does not keep promises.
HEROD: So that's how it is. Very well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. Have your way, vindictive wretches, but don't say I didn't warn you!

A. M. SAYERS

SALOME: Give that horrible thing to Mother. She asked for it.
HERODIAS: Darling child! As if I'd dream of killing your uncle's favourite prophet!
SALOME: Not outright: yours is the roundabout method. —And stop breathing maternal love over me. All I mean to you is another indirect channel for getting what you want. "The darling child will do this little thing to please her mother, won't she?" And you compel me to go on being a child because I wouldn't be any use to you as the woman I really am. You made me do that disgusting little-girl's dance in front of everybody this evening when by rights I should be decently veiled! Oh, I'm understanding you more and more. You daren't admit to having a grown-up daughter because then Uncle Herod'd know that you're quite old—nearly as old as he is—
HEROD: (*outraged*) Spank that youngster!

ALICE JAMES

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ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

The Thirty-eighth Annual General Meeting was held on the 16th October, 1956. The Report was adopted.

	Year Ended 31-3-'56
	£
Group Trading Profit	20,273,185
Less: Depreciation, Interest paid, Interests of Outside Shareholders of Subsidiaries, etc.	2,213,664
Group Net Profit—before Taxation	18,059,521
Less: Taxation	10,377,993
Group Net Profit—after Taxation	£7,681,528
Appropriated as follows:	
Transfer to Reserves and increase in Profit and Loss Account balance, etc.	4,243,358
Preference Dividends, net	64,544
Ordinary Dividends, net	3,373,626
	£7,681,528
Preference Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£2,250,000
Dividend covered by net earnings after tax	119 times
Capital covered by net assets	25.3 times
Ordinary Stockholders	
Issued Capital	£9,387,485
Rate of Dividend paid on present Capital	62.5% p.a.
Rate earned on present Capital	140% p.a.
Group Net Assets	£72,215,813

Comparative Group Trading Profits

1948	1949	1950	1951
£2,928,448	£4,576,290	£5,896,913	£8,161,150
1952	**1953**	**1954**	**1955**	**1956**
£10,007,555	£11,443,390	£15,541,292	£18,923,479	£20,273,185

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Making the Old Lady Comfortable

You never know with the gilt-eged market. You notice a slight stirring, and a succession of little movements—and then it rolls over again to snore more annoyingly than before. For the past couple of weeks, however, the market has been yawning and stretching itself vigorously enough to suggest that this time it may really surprise itself into waking. The new LCC issue and the General Electric loan stock have opened brilliantly, and even when Esso seized the moment to announce its long-expected £10m issue of debenture stock there were only slight blinks.

The awakening has not got much eagerness to it yet, and a piece of political or economic bad news could spoil it all. But the government, at least, has no reason to interfere. Only a surge of investment interest, however slowly and slightly reflected in rising prices, will get the banks back into gilt-edged and under official control; only an active market will make it possible to cope with the long queue of potential borrowers (the Bank is now policing industrial issues as well as the rest) and to drain money from private to public purses. The "somewhat lower pattern of short-term rates" needed to make the Governor of the Bank more comfortable may be on its way. The discount market, admittedly, put bill rate up a little last week, partly perhaps because of the further rise in the US (and Canadian) bill rate. But this latest rise, though it leaves the US rate above the Bank Rate level, is largely a consequence of temporary money market factors. Whether or not the demand for bank credit in the US has reached its peak, the Federal Reserve

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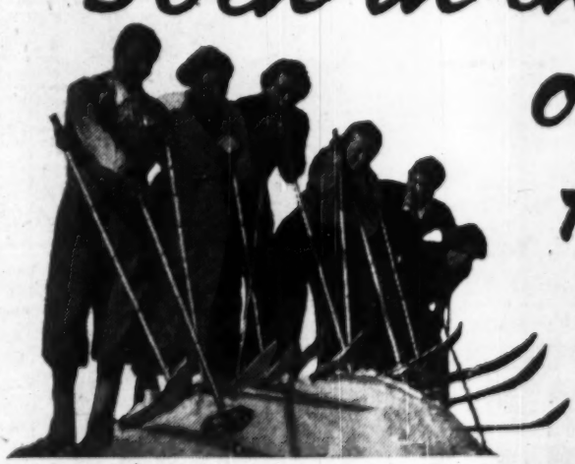

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The income-tax rate paid by building societies is going up from 4s 10d to 5s 4d, an increase which has been expected for some time. Directly the change affects nobody except the societies. Interest on building society shares and deposits is paid free of income-tax because the societies pay it themselves. There is nothing extraordinary about this; quite a number of companies pay their dividends free of income-tax, and 40 per cent. gross, if you pay tax at the standard rate, is no better or worse than 23 per cent. free of tax. The advantage is simply the attraction to the small investor of not having to bother about tax on his income. But there is another point, peculiar to building societies. Instead of paying tax at the standard rate, like a company, they pay at a composite rate (settled by the Inland Revenue from time to time) which represents the average tax rate paid by building society investors. The arrangement is clearly a convenient one, though it does mean that high taxpayers (up to £5,000) do better; low taxpayers do rather worse than they would have done otherwise. From the point of view of the societies it has this disadvantage. When interest rates are rising and they have to offer a higher rate to bring in funds, a rise of, say, 1 per cent. in mortgage rates will not offset a 1 per cent. rise in the rate on shares and deposits—simply because extra tax has to be paid on the latter. This is the main reason why mortgage rates have gone up to 6 instead of only to 5½ per cent.

* * *

Copper is moving down again. Rhodesian Selection Trust, which likes its chairman rather than the market to settle selling prices, has cuts its price from £300 to £280 a ton. Prices were already weakening—those on the London Metal Exchange, in particular, were affected by the arrangements to sell 36,000 tons of copper from the government stockpile over the next five months—and they have weakened further now. London prices at the moment are below those in America, where the producers like to keep them fixed as long as possible. But the continued recession in the US motor-car industry has prevented industrial demand from reviving, the scrap copper price has fallen, and the producers may soon be forced to come into line with the London price.

* * *

Do the miners read Mr. Crosland? The National Coal Board's staff pension scheme has just issued its report. With 92,000 members, it is paying 7,321 retirement pensions and 459 other allowances: last year it spent £2½m on benefits. This expenditure was more than covered by an income of £3m from its investments, which now amount to £68½m. At the moment, less than a quarter of these consist of Ordinary and Preference shares, but the trustees, noting that equities have proved the most fruitful form of investment, have taken powers to increase their scope and intend to increase their interests in steel, oil, chemicals, aircraft and engineering. Or do the miners read Mr. Strachey?—"Surely a time will come when the British wage-earners will ask the simple question, why in the name of fortune—their fortune—pay the functionless owners their money in the first place?"

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 362. How to Breed Grandmasters.

It should be a cinch, though even the Yankees (who could well afford it) haven't done it yet; not, at any rate, as properly as it can be and is being done in the U.S.S.R. and in Yugoslavia, in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia. As for us, all we needed would be for the Government and/or local authorities to do likewise by spending, say, an annual half million or so to begin with: enough to support clubs all over the country; arrange long leave for promising youngsters to play all over the world; get them all the coaching they can take from foreign grandmasters; organise chess in schools on a nation-wide basis. If we did all this and a good deal more we could have some grandmasters of our own before very long. It is simply a question of whether we want it or whether we prefer to go on as we are. If so we mustn't complain about missing premier international honours; and we must be grateful for our men to come 8th in the top-finals of the International Team-Tournament: a truly and unexpectedly magnificent achievement in the circumstances. Here is an interesting position which Golombek (Black) had against the Finnish champion Ojynen. / 2rktr1kb / p1q2p1p / 1pb3pB / 8 / 2pPKt1P1 / 4Q2P / P3PPB1 / 1R3RK1 /. By (21) . . . Q-K2 Golombek gave his opponent the chance of winning the exchange, but he didn't survive to enjoy it.

(22)	P-Q5	B x P	(32)	R-Q1	P-Kt4
(23)	Kt-Q6	Q x Q	(33)	R-Q7	P-QR4
(24)	P x Q	B x B	(34)	B-R6	B-K4
(25)	K x B	Kt-K3	(35)	R-QR7	P-B3
(26)	Kt x KR	R x Kt	(36)	R x P	P-R6
(27)	KR-QB1	P-B6	(37)	R x KtP	P-R7
(28)	K-B3	R-QB1	(38)	R-Kt1	K-B2
(29)	R-B2	P-KKt4	(39)	R-Q1	K-Kt3
(30)	P-KR4	P x P	(40)	B-B4	B x B
(31)	B-B4	R-B5	(41)	P x B	Kt-Q5 ch

Here White resigned. An equally creditable performance among our senior players was Milner-Barry's convincing victory over Teschner.

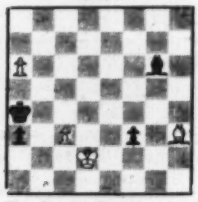
(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(16)	P-KR3	B-R4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(17)	B-R2	P-KKt4
(3)	P-B3	Kt-B3	(18)	P-KKt4	B-Kt3
(4)	P-K5	Kt-Q4	(19)	B-B5	B x B
(5)	P-Q4	P-Q3	(20)	P x B	Kt-B5
(6)	P x BP	P x BP	(21)	B x Kt	P x B
(7)	B-QKt5	P-KKt3	(22)	P-B6	B-R3
(8)	0-0	B-Kt2	(23)	P x P	Q x P
(9)	Q-K2	Q-Kt3	(24)	Kt-K4	R-Kt1 ch
(10)	R-Q1	Kt-B2	(25)	K-R2	R-Kt3
(11)	P-QR4	P-QR3	(26)	R x R ch	Kt x R
(12)	B-Q3	B-KKt5	(27)	R-Q1	Kt-B3
(13)	B-KB4	Kt-K3	(28)	R-Q5	B-Kt2
(14)	B-Kt3	Q-B2	(29)	Kt x BP	R-R3
(15)	QKt-Q2	R-Q1	(30)	Kt-K4 and White soon won.	

A: R. G. Wade 1943

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which another one of our stalwarts—*not* at Moscow this time—excelled by a pretty combination. How then did White force the win in a few spectacular moves? **B** and **C**—both wins for White—should be bargains for 6 and 7 ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that there is a certain affinity between them. Usual prizes. Entries by October 29.

B: Henri Rinck 1911

C: A. O. Herbstmann 1926



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 359. Set September 29

A: (1) Kt-Kt5, Kt x P. (2) Q x P ch, Kt x Q. (3) Kt x P ch, Kt x Kt. (4) Kt-Kt6 mate.

B: (1) B-B6, R-Kt8 ch. (2) K-K2, R x Q. (3) B-Kt2 chl, K x B. (4) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt8. (5) K-K1, P-Kt7. (6) Kt-K2 mate.

C: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-K1. (2) R-K7 ch, K-Q1. (3) B-R6! P = Q. (4) B x P, Q-Kt6. (5) P-QB4! Q-Kt5. (6) P-B5, Q-Kt4. (7) P-B4! Q-R4. (8) P-B6 etc.

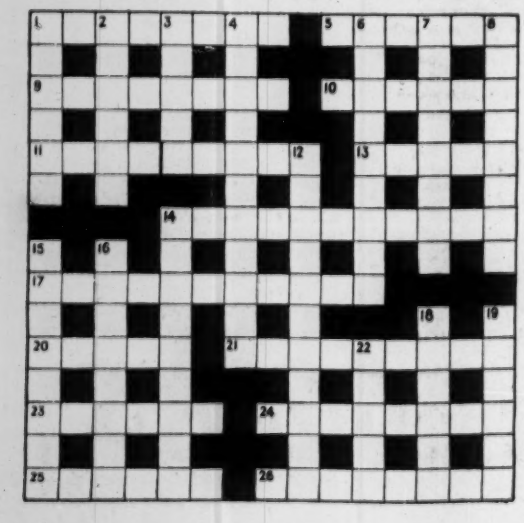
(4) . . . Q-KKt8 is refuted by (5) B-B6, Q-Kt3. (6) B-R4 etc.

Many bouquets for **C**. Even so an easy lot and dozens of correct solutions. I. Avinery's, airmailed from Tel-Aviv, reached me in good time. He shares prizes with F. Jaeck, L. G. Kennion, J. M. Reid, L. Smith, J. D. Taylor. In the 27th ladder-decade 1st to W. H. L. Brooking who scored 799 since he started from scratch after the 21st in June 1955. D. H. R. Stallybrass (698) is 2nd in a "photo-finish" with the Rev. E. Giles who totted up 697 since he was among the 7th decade winners in May '52. A well earned 4th (659) goes to 92-year-old T. J. Simmonds whose claim to our seniority has yet to be challenged.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 221

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 221, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 30.



ACROSS

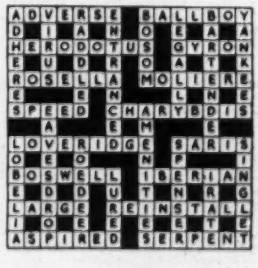
1. A figure in a kind of message is for constriction (8).
5. Loved trouble with a revolutionary (6).
9. A bowler after help discovers a weed (8).
10. "He surnamed of Africa" (Milton) (6).
11. The end of 18 (4, 5).
13. Stories to tell backwards about sailors (5).
14. Something on the bed to provide resistance to suffering, by the sound of it (11).
17. The lady to walk with strange noises (11).
20. Scale starting with C (5).
21. Place on the coast for a sailor and some ships (9).
23. "A pair of very strange ——, which in all tongues are called fools" (*A.Y.L.I.*) (6)
24. Very friendly with my wife and I in the end (8).
25. Corrects me in finals (6).
26. Scientific term for a theory embracing something else (8).

DOWN

1. Thus the game is up for half those that stand for communism (6).
2. Out of order please pass (6).
3. Camp with no standard (5).
4. Not believing in with the erring soul cured (11).
6. Cut short lengths for naval establishments (9).
7. Beside a 19 (8).
8. They may be birds coming up to the entrance for a piece of bread (8).
12. The country to capture a woman's territories (11).
14. Lived together as is the custom in a certain kind of school (9).
15. It is friendly, but without a taxi it would be some distance (8).
16. Drying is first rate in a well broken up garden (8).
18. Tell a parson who has lost his head (6).
19. It never stops although it has a rest perhaps before morning (6).
22. Something hard broken in two in Wales (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 219



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 219

Miss R. George (Aberdeen), Miss B. Brewster (Weobley), Mr. and Mrs. F. Ronkin (Westmorland)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Classics. Applicants should have an Honours Degree, and should have had experience of teaching Classics, whether in a school or at a university. They should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours, and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Salary £A1,850/£2,150 p.a. and £A1,500/£A1,750 p.a. respectively. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on November 15, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Director of the Institute for Social Research. The Institute provides facilities for research in socio-economic and psychological problems generally as well as in Natal particularly. The Director will be expected to do research himself as well as to plan and promote projects undertaken by the Institute. The appointment will be for five years in the first instance. The salary will be £2,000 per annum inclusive of cost of living allowance. Full particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in South Africa and London is November 23, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Khartoum. Applications are invited for two appointments in Economics. Salary Scales: Assistant Lecturer—£E1,077—£E1,152 p.a. Lecturer —£E1,152×£E75—£E1,677 p.a. Senior Lecturer — £E1,602 × £E75 — £E1,977 p.a. Cost of living allowance approximately £E120 p.a. Outfit allowance £E50. Family allowances; wife—£E60 p.a.; 1st child—£E90 p.a.; 2nd and 3rd child—£E30 p.a. Passages for appointee and family on appointment, termination and annual leave. Appointments on contract for 5 years with possibility of renewal. Superannuation Scheme. Applications (8 copies) detailing qualifications and experience and naming 3 referees as soon as possible to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29, Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Classics. Applicants should hold an Honours Degree in Classics (Latin and Greek). Some teaching and research experience would also be advantageous. Candidates with special interests in Ancient History are encouraged to apply. The salary range for Lecturers is £A1,250—£A1,750 per annum, and the commencing salary will be determined on the basis of the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Western Australia and London, is Oct. 31, 1956.

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, malacology, helminthology, acarology, mammalian taxonomy, taxonomic botany (monocotyledons), X-ray crystallography. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Interview Boards sit at frequent intervals. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,135-£1,345; (women) £1,026-£1,240. Scientific Officers: (men) £605-£1,055; (women) £605-£962. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars, for which early application is advised, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspectors of Physical Education (one man and one woman) required to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments. Salary £916—£1,410; appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/Z), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by November 2. (1963.)

LONDON County Council. Parliament Hill Secondary Girls' School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Headmistress required for this 9 form entry Secondary School for 1,350 girls. The school is in Burnham Group 21 with an estimated Unit Total of 2,890 for 1960. The appointed headmistress will be paid in accordance with the scales contained in the Burnham Report 1956; the appropriate salary and head teacher allowance of £690 a year will be subject to equal pay adjustment. School offers a wide variety of courses, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). There is ample provision for general studies in dressmaking, tailoring and catering. Apply on Form EO/TS10 (Parliament Hill) (Form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed Form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable with further particulars from EO/TS10. Closing date October 27, 1956. (1950)

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District, Tutor Organiser. Applications are invited for the post of tutor organiser to help in the promotion of studies for trade unionists, particularly in Lincoln and Grantham. Applicants should have a degree in an appropriate subject(s), e.g. economics, economic history, industrial relations, etc. Salary scale £550 to £1,050. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

TRANSLATOR required by Central Office of Information to translate (English into French) varied material for press publication. Essential qualifications: French must be mother tongue; good general knowledge and wide vocabulary; journalistic or literary experience desirable, and ability to type. Post graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished). Salary according to age, qualifications and experience, rising to £1,000 (men); £888 (women).—Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to BY.785, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., North Wembley, Middlesex, have a vacancy in their Statistical Services Department for a Male Graduate with some scientific or engineering background. The work includes experimental design and analysis, quality control, teaching and management statistics in the laboratories and factories, and requires considerable patience and tact. Opportunities will arise for publications and attendance at professional meetings. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/101) giving full particulars of experience, qualifications and age.

LINCOLNSHIRE (Holland) Education Authority. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Teacher at H.M. Borstal Institution, North Sea Camp, near Boston. The man appointed will be expected to teach classes of illiterate and backward boys and organise the programme of educational classes in the camp. Opportunity for pioneering work and social service. Quarters are available for a married man without family. Salary, Burnham Scale plus a special responsibility allowance of £125 p.a., i.e., departmental headship Grade A. Forms of application and further particulars can be obtained from County Education Officer, County Hall, Boston, Lincs.

CHILDREN'S Service—Res. woman Warden required at Westlea, 6 Dartmouth Park Avenue, N.W.5 (after-care hostel accom. 10 girls aged 15-18). Genuine interest in and expce. of work with adolescent girls and ability to control them; domestic expce., and ability to organise elementary housecraft instrcn. essential. Approved qualifcn. (e.g., Diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership, H.O. Res. Child Care Cert.) an advantage. Salary: £507 12s.×£14 2s.—£578 2s. p.a. less £120 12s. p.a. for board, lodging, etc., 5 wks. incl. annual leave. Applic. form and details from Children's Officer (CH/G3/1882), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

COVENTRY Education Committee, Youth Service. Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (Woman). Candidates should have had experience of work amongst young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, teaching certificate, Social Science Diploma or other appropriate Youth Service qualification desirable. Salary Scale, Inspectors, Organisers, etc. (Youth Service Officers) Grade II (at present under review) £705—£815 per annum plus equal pay increment. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

ASSISTANT required by Phoenix Gallery, 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross. Good conditions and prospects. Age not really important but thirtyish preferred, and free from infirmity and obtrusive home ties. Knowledge of art desirable; business aptitude, tidiness and anxiety to agree with customers essential. Apply in writing please.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors invites applications for the secretaryship. They should be addressed to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate—Educational Psychologist (man or woman) required for the Council's School Psychological Service. Duties include advisory work in the schools with individual cases and supervision of the work of special classes for backward and maladjusted children. The Council's special schools will form an important field of activity. Requirements—an Honours Degree in Psychology, training and experience (particularly in teaching). Salary:— £916—£1,410, appointment above the minimum if appropriate. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by October 26. (1831).

MOUSSEC Limited require a young assistant qualified Chemist for supervison of wine production at their Winery at Rickmansworth, Herts. Previous experience not essential, some knowledge of bacteriology and working French would be an advantage. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience. A contributory pension scheme operates and a small unfurnished house is available if required. Letters to Moussec, Limited, Rickmansworth, Herts.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two full-time posts of Research Assistant in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. One Assistantship will be available for research in Government, and the other for research in Social Anthropology or Sociology. Applicants should be graduates in any of these subjects or in Modern History or Economic History. There are two grades: Grade II—salary £550 to £650 per annum; Grade III—salary £450 to £500 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than November 12, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £28 6s. 8d. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

NEURO-SURGEON required immediately for Tel Hashomer General Hospital, Israel (665 beds). Senior Registrar or Chief of Service according to qualifications and experience. Good prospects for suitable senior Registrar to rise to Chief of Service in due course. For application forms please apply to PATWA, 65 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Tel.: LANgham 1886.

THE Design Centre. Woman Head of Exhibition Reception Staff required as soon as possible. Age 25-35, of good education and appearance, with some relevant experience, e.g., staff trainer or under buyer in store, or commission in Forces. Five days weekly between Monday and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. 3½ weeks' holiday. Starting salary £545 to £627 according to experience rising to £780. Pensionable. Write to The Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1, for application form and further details.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Trainee Social Worker in the Child Guidance Centre. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council for the Health Service within the range of £420-£555 per annum. The person appointed would, after a probationary period of twelve months, be seconded on full salary to an approved course of training for Psychiatric Social Workers at one of the universities (for a period of one year) and be granted tuition fees, on condition that the person so qualifying returns to take up the post of Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker in the Authority's Child Guidance Centre for a minimum period of two years. Candidates should have had suitable experience and possess a certificate, diploma or degree in Social Science. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent to the under-named within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

GIRLS' Club leaders, full and part-time, required for mixed Youth Clubs in North Kensington and Marylebone, London. Full-time salary £400 to £450 per annum with pension scheme. Apply with details of qualifications and experience to Organising Secretary, Feathers Club Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

TRANSL./Sh. Typist English/German required. Knowl. French advantage. Write Miners' International Federation, 10 Blackfriars Road, S.E.1.

Appointments Vacant cont. on p. 502

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation is to set up a Medico-Social Service to deal with the social problems of severe disablement in the Mining Industry. The work will involve research into disablement problems and responsibility for case work. Applications are invited from Medico-Social Workers for seven posts in the British Coalfields. Applicants should hold the Certificate of the Institute of Almoners or other appropriate qualification and experience in mining districts will be an advantage. Motor transport will be made available and ability to drive is essential. Salary scales will accord with those of the Whitley Council for Head Almoner I (£515×£20 to £675) and the posts will be superannuated. Preference, if any, for work in a particular coalfield should be stated. Applications stating age and experience, together with the names of two professional referees, should be sent to the Chief Officer, Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, 5 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Educational Psychologist (full-time) reqd. in Child Guidance Centre, Twickenham. Hons. degree in Psychology or equiv. Recognised clinical training and some teaching experce. Salary, £915—£1,115 (men), £815 to £965 (women—plus equal pay adjustment). Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stampd. add. f'cap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by October 29 (Quote T.707 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CASEWORKER required Essex. Work with Physically Handicapped. Social Science Training and experience essential. Scope outwork, sheltered workshop schemes. Salary £530-£610. Car provided. Apply giving names 3 referees to Essex Association for the Welfare of the Physically Handicapped, 79 Springfield Road, Chelmsford.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Cttee. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) reqd. for Child Guidance work initially at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. Applicants should hold Mental Health Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equiv. Prescribed conditions P.T.A. Salary. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W.5, returnable by November 2. (Quote T.795 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in the first instance in Bermondsey. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous. expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £493 10s.-£35 5s.-£634 10s., commencing according to qualns. and expce. Pensionable post. Appln. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 8, 128 Brook Drive, S.E.11. Closing date Oct. 31, 1956. (1945.)

RESEARCH Officer required to assist study group on project on "Budgetary Practices in Public Authorities." Duration 2 years. Research experience important; some knowledge of financial administration desirable, but not essential. Salary in range £750—£900 according to qualifications. Royal Institute of Public Administration, 76A New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Child Care Officer (female), Grade A.P.T.I—£530×20—£610. Applicants should hold a Degree, a Diploma in Social Science or similar qualification, and have experience in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life. Post superannuable; medical examination. Application forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1. CAA/16.

MATHEMATICS Specialist required for Middle School and Senior classes. Resident post. West Somerset. Burnham Scale. Gov. Superann. scheme. Apply immediately w. testims. to Headmistress, St. Audries Sch., W. Quantoxhead, nr. Taunton.

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for post of Education Officer (i.e., tutor organiser) from graduates with qualifications and experience fitting them for adult education. Salary: Burnham Scale—£475 to £900 plus graduate addition. Teachers' Superannuation. Application form and further particulars from: The Warden, Educational Settlement, Rockhill Rd., Pontypool, Mon.

BERNHARD Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner St., E.1 (ROYal 5526). Girls' Club Leader required for clubs at the above Settlement. Also required: Assistant Play Centre Leader. This post suitable for untrained person wishing to take up social work. Write or 'phone for interview to the Deputy Warden.

SOCIAL Worker required as Assistant Secretary and Organiser for Old People's Welfare. Salary £500-£700 according to qualifications and experience. Applications by October 31, 1956, to Mr. A. E. Knight, 23B Trinity Church Square, S.E.1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

CONSULTANT physician, N.W.8, requires full-time sec. Fast shorthand & typing & good manner with patients essen. Work exacting but rewarding. Box 7988.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council. Children's Visitor. Applications are invited for appointment as Children's Visitor on the staff of the Children's Officer. Candidates should possess a Social Science Certificate, the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or other similar qualifications. Experience in bourding-out, family case work, Court procedure and adoptions will be an advantage. Ability to drive a car desirable. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I of the National Scale of Salaries, i.e., £530 per annum rising by annual increments of £20 to £610 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937 to 1953, to the Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services, as adopted by the County Council, to two months' notice on either side, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, which should be endorsed "Children's Visitor," stating age, present and previous appointments, qualifications and experience, and the name of three referees, to be delivered to the Children's Officer, 12 City Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, not later than November 3, 1956.

EDITORIAL Assistant (male) age about 25 required by leading trade weekly (London). Reporting, sub-editing and re-write experience essential. Some knowledge commercial horticulture desirable. Permanency w. gd. prospects & free pension scheme. Age, exp. & sal. reqd. Box 7765.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time welfare-officer/secretary, female, communications stating full particulars, experience, etc., should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Leeds Branch of the Jewish Blind Society, 27, Savile Place, Leeds, 7.

MGR. for experimental canteen for teenagers at Elephant & Castle. £450 p.a. Lge. flat avail. Suit man with anr. p/time job. Open 5 evgs. Must have personality, character, understanding. Box 7966.

WANTED, Case Worker among Women Prisoners. Fully trained experienced worker wanted to continue experiment one or two years by Holloway Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. Write fully to the Chairman, Holloway Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, H.M. Prison, Holloway.

YNG. intelligent girl as assistant, Irving Theatre, Leics. Sq. Apply 5-7 p.m.

RESIDENTIAL job offered by Architect-Surveyor in Hampstead Village; separate contemporary one-room flat with kitchen; secretarial, but friendly informal family need occasional help! Box 7943.

EXPERIENCED secretary required, not over 35, for Foreign Department newspaper. Good German and English shorthand & high typing speed essent. Box 7911.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted a resid. asst. secretary immediately. Educ. girl interested in school and social work. Car driving an adv. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

WANTED, secretary, shorthand not necessary, for responsible job with unusually good prospects. Ambitious woman preferred. Box 7945.

SECRETARY required for Department of Biometry and Genetics at University College London (Gower St., W.C.1). Interesting and unusual post for science graduate with shorthand and typing. Good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

PT.-time Sh./Typist wtd. (10-1). Must be effic. Knowl. French des. Box 7771.

SECRETARY S/T. for Solicitor principal. Sal. £10. Fast speeds & legal (conveyancing) exp. essent. Age 26-36. Write at once with quals. Neave, 231 Strand, W.C.2.

EDUCATED women (not over 40) wanted for a variety of interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LONdon Wall 4609.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for summer holiday relief work, 10-5, no Sats. Salary £8. Copy Typists £7. Full details, Miss Topham, Duttons Secretarial Service, Ltd., 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 7379.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 99 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M/f, perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in Schools, Colleges, Institutions, Offices of Societies, etc. Secretaries, housekeepers, caterers, matrons, wardens, teachers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AN ADDITIONAL writer (male) is wanted by leading pharmaceutical manufacturers in their London Office, to prepare copy and advertising campaigns directed to the medical and allied professions in this country and overseas. Applicants should enjoy clear English prose and be able to write it to order; should have read widely to satisfy an omnivorous curiosity; should be able to put broad principles into practice in painstaking detail; and should enjoy solving a changing diversity of problems. Agency experience or a knowledge of medicine or pharmacy is not necessarily an advantage. Applicants should have completed their period of National Service and a University degree, though not essential, would be an advantage. Apply giving age and full details of educational background and previous experience, if any, to Box 7882.

MANAGER / Managéress: Experienced person to take charge of Book Department, including Stationery, Library and Records. East London. Applications giving full particulars and salary to Staff Office, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 54 Maryland Street, Stratford, E.15. Endorse envelope "Books."

YOUNG lady, preferably with intellectual interests, wanted for three months as housekeeper to translator (married) & 13 yrs. son living on Lake Maggiore. Box 7807.

LADY Cook Housekeeper required by small London settlement. Residence plus salary not less than £250 p.a. Complete charge of catering and staff. Box 7879.

OPPORTUNITIES to learn Italian and Spanish. Plenty of situations in both countries as Governess', Nannies or Mother's Help. Exp. not essential. Enquiries to Parker's Agcy., 72 Holden Road, London, N.12. HIL. 1831.

NATIONAL Union of Students req. expd. sh./typist mornings only. Apply in writing: Gen. Sec., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MANAGING Director of two North African subsidiaries of large trading and contracting organization, former Colonial Administrative Officer, ex Major seeks more promising future for himself and small family. Requires salary of £2,200. Young (39) with plenty of drive, initiative, tact. Experienced press and public relations. Practised in solving financial, technical, economic and labour problems. Knows how to save time and money. Fluent Arabic, some Spanish. Spare-time journalist. Sportsman. Venue unimportant but would prefer British administered territory or U.K. Box 7726.

DENTIST (B.D.S. '52), exp. N.H.S. & children, ambition but no capital. Succession, partnership, suggs? Unf. accom. essen. Anywhere but Midlands. Box 7666.

LONDON External B.A. student, expd. Law, accounting, seeks position in which facility with words, written and spoken, required. Box 7772.

BUS. man (37) & writer (published) sks. post advg., journalism, industry, where creative ability given scope. Box 7812.

WHAT offers in Human Relations, Personnel, gen. business admin. for well-educated man aged 33, married, 8 yrs. executive large retail organisation, requires change, progressive smaller firm Lon. area. Box 7815.

SEEKING change from many years of purely commercial travelling Europe, overseas. Bachelor (40), speaks 8 languages, good organiser, intimate knowledge whole Europe. Any post U.K. or abroad. Box 7885.

EXPERIENCED male warden, children's mixed club, under 14's, offers services London, whole/part-time, nominal remuneration. Some equipment avail. Box 7995.

WOM. reqs. typing post N. Lond. Welfare interest. 10-5 p.m. approx. Box 7984.

RELIABLE, versatile, secretarial worker; not young; seeks work part-time or sht. day. N.W. Lon/Pinner area. Box 7986.

EXPD. secretary sks. 3/4 days Hospital, Clinic, educational, etc. Box 7990.

INTELLIGENT young girl (21), returned from one year in Paris, seeks interesting work preferably travelling. Box 7937.

BARRISTER (27), Oxford graduate philosophy, politics & economics, typist, seeks post as part-time secretary to M.P., evenings, week-ends. Box 7867.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

KRISHNA Menon's Magazine "Envoy." October issue includes: Interview with Nehru, by George Vine; the P.E.N. Congress, by Kathleen Nott; Gandhi, by Horace Alexander; Indian Films, by Marie Seaton; Producing Shakespeare, by Daphne Levens. 1s. from all Newsagents or from 48 Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weeky. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, has now added Russian to its "Typical Conversations" in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. 17s. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. 3d.: Dept. NS., The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

75 years old, "The Freethinker," wages war on superstition with youthful vigour. Thoughtful, stimulating. 5d. p.w. (30s. yr.). 41 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. HOL. 2601.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P., on "Thoughts on Socialist-Communist Relations," in October Labour Monthly. Also: "G. D. H. Cole and Unity" (James Klugmann); Labour Discussion Forum Announcement; "Why this Suez Madness?" by Ivor Montagu, etc., etc. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

"THE Reporter," America's famous Fortnightly, can now be bought in Britain. This week's issue includes a brilliant profile of John Foster Dulles, deep focus analysis of the issues in the November Elections, and many other lively features. Supplies are limited, so order your subscription now from your newsagent or from Transworld Publications, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. 2s. each fortnight.

EXHIBITIONS you missed are reported & assessed in "The Studio," which keeps you constantly in touch with significant art of the world. Annual sub. 36s. post free.

SELLING Political Library. Books by Trotsky, Lenin, Marx, etc. Please send s.a.e. for list: Snobel, 51 Perham Rd., W.14.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

MISCELLANEOUS

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small hall & committee rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

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BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1957 (March 15 to December 15). Value Fellowship £450, Scholarship £382, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Fourteen copies of applications, with fourteen copies of testimonials from universities of applicants, to be sent by December 31, 1956, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archæology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 504

"MOVEMENT Patterns of To-day and the Jazz Saltata," a practical course given by Rudolf Laban and Lisa Ullmann on Sats., Nov. 17, Dec. 8, 1956, Jan. 26, Feb. 23, 1957, at Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Syllabus includes: Modern Movement Habits, Movement expression as seen on film and television, the Movement Choir and mid-20th century dance forms. Details: Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Club Leaders' Course—December 7-9, 1956: "A Study of Group Work," to be held at 29, Devonshire Street, London, W.1. A week-end course on group methods and techniques especially designed for the experienced youth leader. The course will include demonstrations and films in addition to lectures. Fee £1 15s. Bursaries available. Further particulars, N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30, Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Forum. Welcome to men and women from other countries now living in London. We invite you to join us in discussions and entertainment in the Co-operative Hall, 180-198, Upper Tooting Road, S.W.17, on Thursdays, 7.30 p.m. October 25: "Our Co-operative Movement," by William P. Watkins, B.A. November 1: "Our Co-operative Society," by John Corina. Admission free. Full information from Mr. George Durham, Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15, Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

RUSSIAN Classes, Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced (fee 16s. p.a.). Apply Director of Education, Toynbee Hall, Commercial St., London, E.1. BIS. 3633.

LATIN, Greek and German by professional teacher. Box 7883.

EVENING classes: drawing and painting in large studio at the Byam Shaw School, Campden Street, Kensington, W.8. (PARk 4711). Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 7-9.30, individual lessons from models, still-life, flowers, etc.: Thursdays 7.30 to 9.30, practice sessions from the model without tuition. Students may join at any time.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

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PERSONAL

EX-NURSE has vacancy for elderly person in her home, close to sea. Every care and comfort. 6½gns. Permanent guest preferred. Mrs. Thompson, 35 Westgate Bay Avenue, Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

WIDOWED mother, two young children, urgently needs accommodation in return domestic work. Good refs. Box 8001.

TEACHER, 30, plans Xmas to Easter in Spain-Med. area. Needs 6 hrs. daily study; otherwise free. Any suggestions re work, accom., etc.? Friendly environment more important than economic gain. Tel.: Seven Kings 5345.

CHISWICK area. Secretary with top exp. entertainment, parliamentary, commercial, travel. Avail. hourly or longer. Box 7826.

PERSONAL secretary to well-known personality who recently died reqs. equally responsible interesting post. Box 7955.

COTTAGE, caravan, shack, on river, wanted for three, week or two over Christmas. Doncaster, Ledston Hall, Castleford.

WRITER (apprentice) requires private tuition in story construction, preferably by London practitioner. Box 7991.

ARABIC lessons reqd. Teacher educated in country E. of Egypt pref. Box 7933.

OUTSIDER, 24, seeking self-expression through photography, cinematography, desires contact with others similar outlook. Possibly share own secluded caravan (Gerrards Cross, Bucks), equipment, etc. Box 7916.

INFORMAL music/literary group. Details from Mrs. Dunn, HAMpstead 8109.

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HILL-Lovers, Mallorca-Balearic Isles. For rent 3 bedrmd. house, completely furn. to adult family at only £100 per year. Write to M. Ellgring, 11 Argyle St., East London, S. Africa.

HEINE Weekend: Nov. 2 at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon; Nov. 9 "Music in the Country House" & "Christmas Crafts."

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SUNSPOTS—in Spain; By rail, escorted. Oct. 21, 28 and Dec. 22, 15 days from £29; 8 weeks £50—or by Air. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOLesey 2105.

SKI-ING for under 30's. (The age limit for participants is 29.) Innsbruck University International Winter Courses. Christmas and New Year at Mayrhofen. Easter at Obergurgl. 15 days from 26gns. Including travel, ski-instruction, accommodation, reduced rates for ski-lifts, language courses and entertainments. Details from U.K. Course Representatives. F. & W. Ingham, Ltd., 143 New Bond Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 9885.

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GET inside Europe. Foreign Visits Club, 79 Oakfield Rd., Birmingham, 29. Send 6d. stamp for booklet.

FLY to the sun. 15-day Flying Holidays for Winter Sports & Winter Sunshine at specially reduced rates. Mallorca from 47gns. Southern Spain (Torremolinos, Malaga) from 55gns. Tangier from 63gns. Canary Islands by boat from 55gns., by flying boat from 92gns. Rome & Island of Sicily 69gns. 8-day Winter Sports Holiday in Zermatt 38gns., 15 days 52gns. Megève (France) 8 days—41gns., 15 days—62gns. With first-class hotels. A few vacancies available for Xmas. Apply for full details: Apal Travel Ltd. & See Spain Ltd., 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2.

PROVENCE: Nostalgia for St. Paul, Venez, Villefranche, artichokes & peppers? See gouaches & oils "The Coffee House," Northumberland Ave., Trafalgar Sq. Oct. 22-Nov.14.

PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Th. & S. 2.30. Variety Theatre of China. Ends Oct. 20.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. "Caesar & Cleopatra," Tavistock Rep. Co. Shaw Centenary Production. Fri. 19, Sat. 20 (Sun. 21 mems. only), Thu. 25, Fri. 26, Sat. 27, 7.30 p.m. Box Office—9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475, 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St., Su. 5 & 8. "The Children's Hour." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Brecht's "Exception & Rule," Lorca's "Shoemaker's Wife." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems. only.

SOVIET Variety & Concert artists at the Albert Hall, London, Thurs., Nov. 8 (7.30 p.m.). Tckts. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (10% discount for 20 or more).

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin). Classical Music of India, by Ravi Shankar (Sitar) and Chatur Lal (Tabla), Tues., Oct. 23, 8 p.m., Conway Hall. Inf. re. Membership, open to all, from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Oct. 21: Gorki's My Universities (U). From Oct. 22: Galina Ulanova in Trio-Ballet (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Oct. 21. 6 days. Danny Kaye, Knock On Wood (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Oct. 20. W. C. Fields in "Never Give a Sucker An Even Break" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday Afternoon Programmes of Art Films; at 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. October 21, 1956: Patterns of American Rural Art; Medieval Dutch Sculpture; Affaire Manet; Legend of St. Ursula. October 28: Van Meegeren's Faked Vermeers; Third Dimension; St. Paul de Vence.

BRITISH tourists to Hungary present "Glimpses of Hungary": photographs, slides, 16mm film taken by Sir Geoffrey Howarth. 8mm film taken by Dr. Stephen Kennedy. Sat., Oct. 27, at 7.30 p.m. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm.: Members 1s, Guests 2s. (BAY. 2690.)

JIVE Sessions at Tynegate-Smith Studio, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Sats, Suns. 8ish-latish. Sat.: Sonny Monk and his Trad. Band. Sun.: Port Louis Jazzmen.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

CENT. Lond. Fabian Society dance. Sat., Oct. 27, 8-11.30. Artworkers Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. (Kingsway Tube.) Adm. 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

GRAND Dance at Royal Hotel, Woburn Pl., Fri. Oct. 19, 7.30-11 Sgle. 3s. Dble. 5s. 6d. Cent. London Branches C.A.W.U.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Oct. 20, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Oct. 24, at 5.45. Marcel Dupré—Organ Recital. Works by Bach, Mozart, César Franck, Dupré, etc. Tickets 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Choral Society. Royal Festival Hall, Fri., Nov. 2, at 7.30 p.m. Mozart: Serenade No. 11 (1st Movement); Mellers: Pax Dei (first public performance); Bruckner: Mass in E Minor; Stravinsky: Piano Concerto. Solo Piano: Soulima Stravinsky. A section of the London Symphony Orchestra. Cond.: John Tobin. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., from Box Office (WAT. 3191).

THE Anglo-German Association will present a Recital of 16th & 17th Century German Songs by Wolfram of Hamburg, the well-known lutist, at 16 Queensberry Place, S.W.7, on Wed., Oct. 24, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: mems. 3s. & non-mems. 3s. 6d. incl. coffee & light refreshments.

FREE Concerts at the Horniman Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23, on Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m. October 24, Design for Dancing, by The Caribana's Steel Band from Trinidad. October 31, Music of Persia. November 7, Folk Songs from Many Lands. November 14, Military Music. November 21, Folk Music of Ireland. Seats may be reserved at any of these concerts on application to the Curator. (1592)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1. Baroque Still Life Painting. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

SPECIAL Exhibition "Built in U.S.A." Post-War Architecture. Building Centre, 26 Store Street, W.C.1. 9.30 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturday, 1 p.m. Till October 27.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Jack Smith: Paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BRAQUE. An Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tue., Thur., 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

INTERNATIONAL Crafts. A market of goods from many countries; 4th floor. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

"JOHN Deakin's Rome." An exhibition of photographs in the gallery of David Archer's Bookshop, 34 Greek Street (Shaftesbury Avenue end), W.1. GER. 6114. "A lyrical and tender . . . portrait of the holy city . . . relentless albeit compassionate eye." —The Times. Open 10 to 7, Monday to Saturday (Thursday 10 to 1).

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Stoneware & Porcelain by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

NEW Vision Centre Gallery, 4 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Otway McCannell.

BEN Uri Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. Lottie Reizenstein, Fritz Kramer, Eric Doitch. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Till Nov. 4.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Picasso himself, original paintings, drawings, photographs and souvenirs. From October 26. Mon. to Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closed Suns.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Gouaches by Peter Snow and Paintings by Charles Burton. Oct. 15-27.

THE Seasons: an invitation exhibition organised by the Contemporary Art Society. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, S.E.5. Until October 27. Daily 1-8. Sundays 3-7. Closed Fridays. Free.

ANTHONY Gross: The eight large etchings known as the "Le Boulvé Suite" are now published and on show at St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St. W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paul Feiler, Christopher Wood; & Lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Oct. 27.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Merlyn Evans retrospective 1927-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings, drawings and sculpture by William Scott. Until October 26

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Albert Gleizes, 1881-1953. 64 Paintings-Gouaches-Drawings. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

MARIN. Exhibition of paintings and water-colours. Sponsored by the American Embassy. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 20, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"SALZBURG—Festival City." Illus. lecture by Dr. Heinz H. Rennau, followed by film show. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sat., Oct. 20, at 7.30. Tkts. 3s. (Mems. & students 2s.) from Anglo-Austrian Soc., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003.

FILM Show and Talk on visit to Rumania, C. P. Dutt and D. Davies. The film, "Bucharest," in colour. Sat., Oct. 20 at 33 Pembridge Sq., Notting Hill Gate, 7.30. Refrs. B.R.F.A., 27 Red Lion St., W.C.1. (CHA. 4568.)

"CONWAY Discussions." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7.15 p.m., Professor T. H. Pear, M.A. "The Cult of Personality." Adm. free. Collection.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Autumn Lectures 1956. Present-day Foreign Furniture and Its Setting. Tuesday, October 23, at 7 p.m. Modern Architecture.

PERSONALIST Group. Paul Derrick on "The Future of Socialism," 20 Buckingham St., W.2. Fri., Oct. 26, 7.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NOTTINGHAM (Fridays), Leeds (Saturdays)—Fabian Autumn Lectures—Socialism, Freedom and Power. Balogh, Jenkins, Crossman, Lee. Oct. 26-27, Nov. 2-3, 9-10, 16-17. Details: Mrs. Cowie, 110 Mansfield Rd., Nottingham, or Miss Brett, 61a Westwood Lane, Leeds, 16.

CARDIFF (Fridays), Gloucester (Saturdays)—Fabian Autumn Lectures—Socialism, Freedom and Power. Jay, Crosland, Megan Lloyd George, W. Griffiths, Barbara Castle. Oct. 26-27, Nov. 9-10, 23-24, Dec. 7-8. Details: Miss Morgan, 27 Morlais St., Roath Park, Cardiff, or Mr. Wilton, 4 Tuffley Lane, Gloucester.

"SOCIALISM'S New Look." Fabian Autumn Lectures. Balogh, Mulley; Strachey, Palme Dutt; Flanders, Crossman; Crosland, Martin. Livingstone Hall, Oct. 24, 31, Nov. 7, 14. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

THOMAS Balogh and Fred Mulley, M.P., on "Has Capitalism Changed?" Fabian Autumn Lecture, Oct. 24, Livingstone Hall (opposite St. James's Park Stn.). Tkts. 2s. 6d. at door or from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "Nullity of Marriage: Law and Jurisdiction" will be given by Mr. William Latey at 5 p.m. on October 29 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship, London Branch. Coffee Hour, Thurs., Oct. 25, 7.30, at India Club, 41 Craven St., W.C.2 (next Charing X). John Papworth on "Israel and Yugoslavia To-day." Chairman: Mrs. Frieda Laski. Light refreshments. Adm. 1s. 6d.

FIRST of Series of 3 Discussion Meetings, Caxton Hall, 7.30 p.m., October 30: "The Negro Struggle for Full Equality." Chairman, Basil Davidson; Speaker, Claudia Jones. Film. Admission at door 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St. W.8. Sunday, October 21, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., R. S. W. Pollard: "A Lawyer's Visit to China."

PROFESSOR T. H. Pear, M.A., "Limitations of Rational Thinking," Oct. 21, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Questions after lecture.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on October 27. Mr. George Froud: "An Interpreter in Russia."

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Oct. 25, 6.30. "Immortality of the Soul." Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

JEWISH & Christian Views on Religious Observance. Personal Prayer. Speakers: The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Woolwich, the Rev. Dr. Chaim Pearl, M.A., Ph.D. Chairman: The Very Rev. Dr. Matthews, K.C.V.O., D.D., D.Litt. Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8.15. King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. All welcome.

ADLERIAN Society of Gt. Britain. Inaugural Lecture: "Mental Hygiene," Dr. N. R. Beattie, 7.30 punctually, Thurs., Oct. 25, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s. Study Courses opening shortly. Details: Office, 42 Fortune Green Rd., N.W.6.

"EUTHANASIA Today." The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Listowel, P.C., Ph.D. 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Oct. 25, 1956, Hope Hse., Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. Adm. free. Collection.

"WHITHER Medicine?" or "Was Jesus Christ wrong?" A lecture from the Rationalist angle on Collateral Marital Union for Both Sexes, by Edward Wilson, M.D. (non-Register), Central Halls, Bath St., Glasgow. Sun. Oct. 28, 3 p.m. Adm. free. Colln.

R. M. LOCKLEY will speak on "Wild Wales," illustrated with films, at Church House, Westminster, S.W.1, 7.15, Nov. 7. Lady Brunner presiding. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Ramblers' Assn. (Lecture), 48 Park Rd., N.W.1. S.a.e. with postal applns.

SHAW Society: J. L. Hodgkinson on Shaw & the Theatre of the Future; 7 Albemarle St., Oct. 26, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. Details: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DEPENDENT Peoples' Freedom Day; public Meeting, Tuesday, October 30, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P.; Dr. S. Levenberg (Israel Labour Party) and representatives of the Praja Socialist Party of India, Malayan Labour Party, Carribean Socialist Federation. Tickets, price 6d., obtainable at door or from the Secretary, British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 24, 6.30. Public Lecture: "The Importance of Being Earnest," M. O'C. Walshe. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

THE World Can Live in Peace. Dr. Donald Soper continues his special sermons at Kingsway Hall, London, each Sunday evening at 6.30 till November 11. Next Sunday: "The World Can Live in Peace If One Great Power Takes the Lead."

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Fri., Oct. 26, 8.30. Dr. Moerdowo: "Historical & Cultural Background of Indonesia" (illustrated). 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

BUDDHIST monk from Ceylon gives public lecture, 4.30 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 10 Ovington Gardens, Knightsbridge, S.W.3. Buddha Study Association.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. Oct. 21. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St. W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Rev. E. F. Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D.: "Humility."

AUTOMATION. Dr. L. E. C. Hughes. Hampstead Ethical Soc., Barclay Hse., 783 Finchley Rd. (nr. Regal, Golders Grn.), Oct. 21, 7.15.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7696). Fri., Oct. 19, 8 p.m., M. Hayward, "Soviet Literature." Sun., Oct. 21, 8 p.m., Slavonic Music: Marija Pijukovic (contralto), Dushan Trbovic (piano). 10 p.m., Ulanova on T.V., "Swan Lake." Fri., Oct. 26, 8 p.m., Dr. O. Chadwick, "Anglican Delegation to Russia."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Icelandic Sagas" will be given by Professor Einar Olafur Sveinsson (University of Iceland) at 5.30 p.m. on October 29 and 31, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Manuel Fernandes Vilareal et Antonio Enríquez Gómez, Adversaire et Victimes de l'Inquisition Péninsulaire," will be given by Professor I. S. Révah (Sorbonne) at 5.30 p.m. on October 23 and 25 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

"WORLD Prosperity—Can We Build it Together?" A conference mainly for students, Nov. 10-11, Indian Y.M.C.A., Fitzroy Square. Speakers include Lord Boyd Orr, T. Swaminathan, I.C.S., Prof. André Philip, Lord Birdwood. Apply Federal Educational & Research Trust, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

"PARLIAMENT Weekly," "The Bible in a Scientific Age," and "Music Make-up." It is not too late to join these classes. Apply for particulars, The Registrar, The Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. EUSton 1816 (*aft.* & *evs.*).

FROM Comics to Classics. Conference on Children's Reading, Illiteracy, Children's Books. Church House, Westminster. Sat., Nov. 3, 10 a.m. 5 p.m. Tkts. 5s. from Mrs. Anthea Holme, 23 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

LECTURES on Groddeck by Oscar Kollerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1, 8.30 on altern. Mons. Collection. Oct. 29, Therapy and its Field as Problems in Language. Nov. 12, The It, and Freudian Theory. Nov. 26, The Fourfold Individuum. Dec. 10, Groddeck's Therapy and Therapeutic Theory.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications for admission in October, 1957, to the undermentioned full-time courses should be made as soon as possible to The Registrar, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, from whom further details may be obtained. The courses are intended for qualified teachers with not less than five years' experience; successful candidates will be eligible to apply for financial assistance as set out in the Ministry of Education Administrative Memorandum No. 519 of January, 1956. Advanced Course—Department of Child Development; Diploma in the Content and Methods of Health Education; Diploma in the Education of Handicapped Children with special reference to the needs of (a) Educationally Subnormal Children or (b) Maladjusted Children; Course in the Education of Children in the Junior School.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B. & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 503

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 499, 501-503

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